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Cambridge Sketches

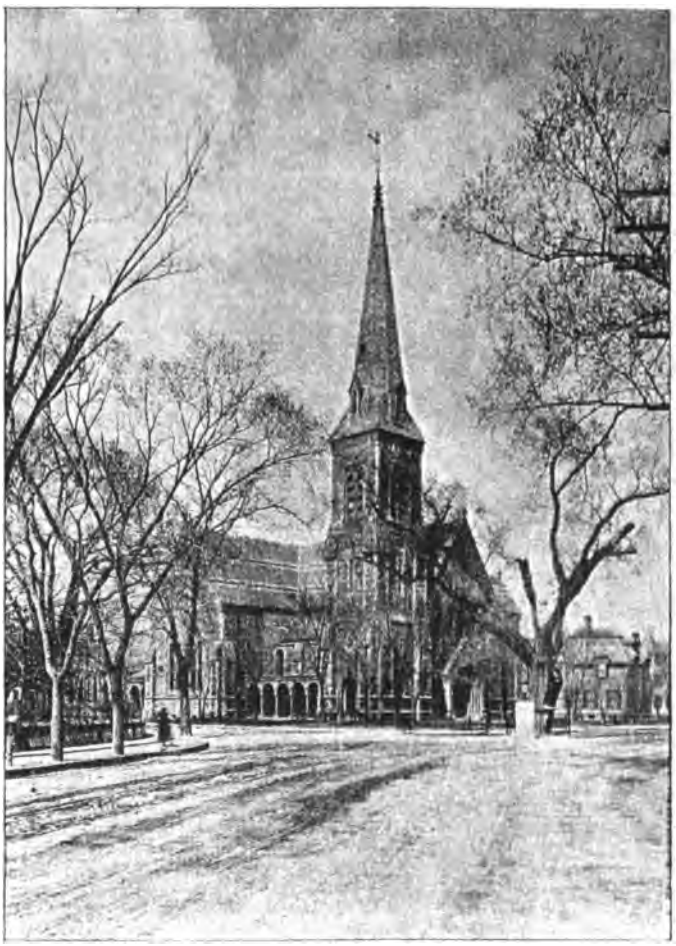
By

Cambridge Authors.

Harvard College Library

FROM

Miss Penelope Noyes



Shepard Memorial Church.

CAMBRIDGE SKETCHES

BY

CAMBRIDGE AUTHORS,

EDITED BY

ESTELLE M. H. MERRILL,
"JEAN KINCAID,"

With preface by Dr. Alexander McKenzie.

PUBLISHED BY THE
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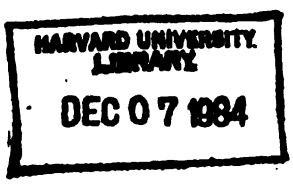

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PREFACE.

This is not a guide book in the ordinary sense of that term. But it does take the reader into the life of Cambridge and makes known to him something of the past and the present of the town. Any one should feel more at home here after reading these pages, and he can readily find where his life might be joined to the common life and be enriched by it while he imparts to it of his own force.

The extension of the town has been steady and rapid. The hamlet which held so large a place in the colonial life has constantly advanced to the city whose influence is felt through the land. To those who have watched this growth, and shared in it, it has been of great interest to mark the appearance of new institutions, of new forms of work, of new endeavors for the general advantage. The city must have been poorer than she knew before the Library and Hospital were built, and the societies formed which are now so prominent and so efficient for good.

It is right that here a prominent place should be given to the organization under whose direction this book has been prepared, and is now given to the world. The Cambridge Young Women's Christian Association deserves the place which it holds in the confidence and esteem of all who know its work, which would be more widely known and admired but for the modesty of those who are doing it. The number of workers is not very large, their rooms are not conspicuous, there is no parade of methods or results, there are few appeals for money, so that the Association is less before the eyes and in the minds of the people than it ought to be. It has all the quietness which marks everything that is done in Cambridge, and this is naturally enhanced by the womanly reserve which is content to abide in stillness and work without observation. This is admirable and no one would change it. But the Association should be better known, which is

another way of saying it should have more honor among men, and should be enabled to enlarge and perfect its work.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the associations for young men. When these had proved their efficiency, it was certain that similar organizations for young women would be formed. The spirit and wisdom which created the earlier form of service were sure to advance to this which was equally needed and equally promising. The influence of the association for young women is manifold and in every way it is helpful. The young woman who comes to the city and is a stranger here, can find one place which belongs to her. There she will meet others who can direct her to a home and assist her in beginning her new life. She can visit the rooms which have been opened for her when she will, and find there a quiet seat, with books and papers and friends. She can learn under good teachers that which will be useful to her. She can study books if she will. She can learn to sing. She will be taught to cut a dress, to trim a hat, to make a loaf of bread. She can study the Bible and receive wise religious counsel. She can find amusement for a leisure hour. To the many these things are proffered — to those who have homes and to strangers within the gates.

Younger girls can learn the simple processes of domestic life for the benefit of their households, and for their furnishing as they go out into the larger world. Indeed, so far as may be, the Association offers a home with its security, its refinement, its friendship, its instruction, its mutual assistance. With a liberal constitution, broad enough for all who call themselves Christians, the women of many churches of many names join in these labors of love and joy.

I am left free to say what I will in this introduction. But I am glad to commend this Association to the active and generous confidence of all who have time which they can use in its work, or money which they can give for its enlargement.

The Association should have a house of its own. It should be a building large enough and good enough for the admirable work which is to be done. It should have ample

rooms and all the appliances which it can use. Happy is that person who can thus endow an institution of immediate and increasing beneficence.

While the reader wanders along these waiting pages will he kindly think upon these things?

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

8th October, 1895.

The Book Committee of the Cambridge Young Women's Christian Association wishes to thank most cordially the writers who have contributed to this volume, often at great personal inconvenience to themselves; the publishers of "The Boston Picture Book," "Souvenir of the Hub," and the *Tribune* for cuts loaned; the Cambridge newspapers for notices so freely given; the advertisers, and all others who have aided in the endeavor to make a literary and financial success of "Cambridge Sketches."

SOME THYNGES OF YE OLDEN TYME.

Some Thynges of ye Olden Tyme.

By Dr. ALEXANDER McKENZIE.

THE ancient records of the First Church in Cambridge are very interesting but are not a complete account of all that was done here in the early days. The church was founded in 1636 and the oldest record is very near that date. There are some items of interest which not only tell us what was done, but give us a glimpse of some of the methods of that period.

In 1638 Roger Harlakenden died. The record spells the name Harlakingdon—they were not very particular about their spelling in those days. He left a legacy of £20 to the church. This appears to have been paid in 1640 by Herbert Pelham, who married the widow Harlakenden, in a young cow. For three summers the milk was given to different persons—brother Towne, brother John French, sister Manning; and in 1643 the cow was "yeelded to Elder Frost for his owne," but her value had shrunk to £5.

This is only one sign of the care which the church had for the poor, and it illustrates, also, the simplicity of the times.

Here are a few records of disbursements:—

	£	s.	d.
Given to our brother Hall toward the rearing of his house that was blown down . . .	1	0	0
For the refreshing of brother Sill in time of fayntnes sent him 4 pints of sack . . .	0	2	4

	£	s.	d.
Paid to my brother Cane for goinge to Salem with a message to Mr. Philips when he was about to come to us	5	0	0
Payd my brother Towne for paynes taken more than ordinary in making cleane the meetinge house in the time of its repayringe . .	0	12	0
Payd for 9 times going to call the church together at 8d. a time	0	6	0
Given to our sister Grissell in a hard time . .	0	5	0
Sent our sister Manning a leg of mutton . .	0	1	1
Payd Mr. Palsgrave for physic for our sister Albone	0	2	6
Payd for a goat for goody Albone to goodman Prentiss	0	11	0
Payd to John Shepheard for a fower gallon bottell to bring sack for the sacrament . .	0	3	0
Payd to Mrs. Danforth in her husband's absence, in silver, the sume of 25 shillings for wine, sugar and spice at the buriall of Mrs. Chauncy who deseaced the 24 of the 11.67 . . .	1	5	0

In 1668 the second minister of the church, the "matchless Mitchel" died. He had succeeded to the church and the parsonage and had married the widow of his predecessor. He died in "an extreme hot season" and there is the record of the payment "to goodman Orton of Charlestown for making a carpaluing to wrap Mr. Mitchell and for doing something to his coffing that way 4s." This wrapping was of cloth covered with tar. When the grave was opened a few years ago some remains of the shroud were found, and a quantity of tansy which had been used as a disinfectant. Thus the work of goodman Orton again saw the light.

One of the delicate matters in those days was the arranging of people and their names in the proper order. Not until 1773 were the names in the Harvard Catalogue placed in alphabetical order. The rank of the family to which the student belonged determined his place in the list. The first class starts in this way:—

"Benjamin Woodbridge, A. M. Oxford 1648; S. T. D. Oxford.

"George Downing, Knight 1660, Baronet 1663; Ambass. to Netherlands from Cromwell to Charles II; M. P."

Here we have the honors acquired by the sons added to those which they had inherited.

In the meeting house, when the town was established in an orderly way, a proper regard was had to the position of the families and individuals. Often the house was finished by degrees. At first benches would be put in. Then some one who wished a place of his own would procure the deed of a space on the floor, some six feet square, and on this he would erect a pit or pew. He was required to keep this in repair and also "all the glass against it."

When there was no such private arrangement a committee assigned the seats after their own discretion and according to the rank of the family, or their age or property. This was called "dignifying" the house. There is the record in 1658, "That the elders, deacons and selectmen for the time being shall be a constant and settled power for regulating the sitting of persons in the meeting house from time to time as need shall require." In 1662 we come upon the work of the committee in such directions as these:—

"Bro. Ri. Jackson's wife to sit there where sister Kempster was wont to sit.

"Mrs. Upham with her mother, Ester Sparhawke, in the place where Mrs. Upham is removed from.

"Joanna Winship in the place where Ester Sparhawke was wont to sit"—and so on.

The people had great respect for the meeting house and its services, and gave to these their best thought. The first buildings were rude, but so were the houses of the people. Though the buildings

were rude, the preachers were scholars of dignity and learning. The first meeting house in Boston had mud walls and a thatched roof, but there John Cotton preached who had come from St. Botolph's in old Boston, one of the most stately churches in England and large enough to hold five thousand people. There was a difference in the two houses, but it was the same minister, only he was larger grown by coming into this wilderness.

Probably the first meeting house here in Newtowne—for that was the original and appropriate name,—was built of logs. There was an order that no man should build his chimney of wood nor cover his house with thatch. This was for protection against fire. Afterwards there was an order that the meeting house should be repaired "with a four square roofe, and covered with shingle."

The name "meeting" house was appropriate, for the house was used for the general gathering of the people. An early writer who visited the Colony says, "The public worship is in as fair a meeting house as they can provide, wherein, in most places, they have been at great charges."

If we should go into the first meeting house here we should find rather a rough room, divided by a central passage and furnished with benches. The men would be on one side and the women on the other. Perhaps we should notice that some of the men had muskets, and that they sat at the end of the bench—a custom which has been kept up though the carnal weapons have disappeared. A plain desk, a stand, within a railing, was the pulpit. Afterwards, when the people were able to arrange things as they wished, the pulpit was a high, elaborate structure, with a sounding board.

The ruling elders sat below the pulpit, and the

deacons a little lower still, facing the congregation. The boys had a place by themselves in the gallery, with a tithing man with a long pole to keep them in order. In 1668 Thomas Fox was "ordered to look to the youth in time of public worship."

The meeting house which was built here in 1632 had a bell, but there is a town record in 1646 of "fifty shillings paid unto Thomas Langhorne for his service to the town in beating the drum these two years past." Perhaps the sound of the bell did not reach far enough, and the drummer was sent through the settlement to summon the people. The congregation came together as early as nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and about two in the afternoon. They came on foot or on horseback, for the most part. The town provided "a convenient horse-block at the meeting-house, and causeway to the door."

The service in the church consisted of prayer, singing, reading and the expounding of the Scriptures. It was generally thought improper to read the Scriptures without an exposition; they called it "dumb reading." There was also a sermon by the pastor or teacher. A minister's authority did not extend beyond his own congregation, so that when one was in another man's pulpit it was common for the ruling elders to say to him, "If this present brother hath any word of exhortation for the people at this time, in the name of God let him say on." This "saying on" was called "prophesying." It was thought that an hour was the proper length for the sermon, and an hour-glass stood on the pulpit to make sure of good measure; but sometimes the preacher would turn this at the end of his hour. They facetiously called this "taking another glass."

Every Sabbath afternoon there was a contribution. One of the deacons stood in his place before the people and said, "Brethren of the congregation, now there is time left for contribution; wherefore, as God hath prospered you, so freely offer." Then the people passed up to the deacons' seat with their offerings. "The magistrates and chief gentlemen went first, then the elders, then all the congregation of men, and most of them that are not of the church, all single persons, widows, and women in absence of their husbands." Sometimes they brought money and sometimes other things.

The singing was without accompaniment. They adhered to the words of the prophet, "I will not hear the melody of thy viols," and they rejected the idolatrous performance with cornet and dulcimer which Nebuchadnezzar delighted in. In the first century there were seldom more than five tunes, and the hymn was read line by line and sung in instalments. In 1640 the Bay Psalm Book was printed. One verse will show the character of the poetry:—

"The Lord to mee a Shepheard is,
Want therefore shall not I,
Hee in the folds of tender-grasse,
Doth cause mee down to lie;
To waters calme me gently leads
Restore my soule doth hee;
He doth in paths of righteousnes
For his name's sake lead mee."

As we look back to those times it seems as if life must have been dull and hard. It would be so to us if we were placed in it, but if we had been born into it it would not have been so. Those who had come from England felt the difference between the old world and the new; but they did not look for much comfort in the wilderness, and whatever they lacked, they had themselves and their books and their own

courage and faith. They had good books. Shakespeare died in 1616 and Bacon in 1626; their works were new and fresh, and there were other writers of great interest and worth. The Puritans did not spend much money on sports, but they spent money on schools, and they built a college. We commonly see their faces in repose and they look stern; but they had their glad hours when men smiled and children played. Home, love, marriage, and the joys which these terms suggest were here. The woods and streams gave the best of recreation to the boys when their tasks were finished. The girls had their own ways of amusing themselves, as ingenious as they are now.

It was not a time of devotion to small things. The men and women who left the land of their birth to make a new country had a very high intent, with much wisdom and devotion. They did the work they came to do, and it has lasted. We smile sometimes at their ways, as at other antiquities. But we should be able to discern their bravery and patience and discretion, and to be grateful to them for their labors into which we have entered. It will be well for us and for the country if we do our work as wisely and faithfully as they did theirs.

NEWTOWNE.

NEWTOWNE! The fathers, centuries agone,
  Thus called our Cambridge; and 'tis new to-day
In blossoms, buds and birds, and ah, has grown
  To us, the aged, in another way
More sadly new! "The old familiar faces"
  Of poet and philosopher and saint,
We see no more in their accustomed places,—
  But memories now, with years to wax more faint.
Yet, though they go to God, still at our side
  Their ways are unforsaken. Up and down,
Of fresh young manhood, surges through a tide
  To carry on the honours of the town.
To you we look, to keep it ever new
In fame of noblest deeds that men can do.

SARA HAMMOND PALFREY.

May 22, 1895.

THE OLDEST ROAD IN CAMBRIDGE.

The Oldest Road in Cambridge.

By Rev. THEODORE F. WRIGHT.

WHEN a visitor to the classic shades stands in front of the Hemenway Gymnasium and looks down Kirkland street, bordered with its elms, quiet, retired, homelike, he little realizes that he is looking upon the oldest street in Cambridge and upon one of warlike associations. The spacious houses with their well shaded lawns, and the extreme beauty of Divinity avenue, do not suggest this, but it is even so. The quietest street in Cambridge has longest felt the movement of busy and even of hurrying feet.

The "Path from Charlestown to Watertown" was the first name of this road, and that was in its very earliest days before Cambridge was founded. Charlestown was settled in 1628 and Watertown soon after; thus the connecting path antedates the planting of Cambridge in 1630, as the date is given on the city seal, but the first houses seem to have been built in 1631 in what was then Newetowne. This Charlestown path came over Washington street in Somerville and through Union Square, followed the line of Kirkland street to where the Common now is, crossed to the line of Brattle street, and then went on to Watertown in the course of the present Mount Auburn street. Of course this whole way was of equal age, but, as only a part of what is now Brattle street belonged to it, there is reason for calling Kirkland street the oldest way in Cambridge, because its whole length lies on the Charlestown path.

The original Cambridge lay to the south of Kirkland street. When the little hamlet began at the river and extended northwards to the point now known as Harvard Square, the districts east, north and west were wildernesses. The tracts nearest to the river were known as "marshes"—"Windmill Marsh, Ox Marsh, Ship Marsh, Common Marsh, and Long Marsh," as they were named in order, as we go from a point near the hospital eastward to the Brookline bridge. All the lower Port was then known as the "Great Marsh." The higher ground outside the "pales" or palisades, with which the settlement was at first surrounded, was used as pasture-ground, that to the northwest being known as the "Cow Common," and that to the northeast being called the "Ox-Pasture." At first this was south of the Charlestown Path, but later a tract was added to the north of it. The "pales" ran along a little north of where Gore Hall stands, and the ground outside of them we may think of as covered with forest consisting of oaks, pines and walnuts, as Dr. Holmes says, with a narrow wood-road finding its way among them.

This road was first called "The Charlestown Path," and was variously designated in deeds as "The Highway from Watertown to Charlestown," "The Road that leads from Cambridge to Charlestown," "The Charlestown Road" and "The Great County Road"; and it lacked a personal name until the selectmen, about 1830, gave it that of "Kirkland," after the president of the University from 1810 to 1828. Certainly the street was worthy of that noble name, if the good old "Charlestown Road" must be given up.

It may be deemed significant that all attempts to make the old street conform to modern habits have failed, for the tracks laid down for street-cars be-

came useless after a few years' trial and their removal has now been ordered by the city government, so that the avenue may return to its dignified quiet, reminding us of the remark of Dr. Abiel Holmes, "It is generally conceded that this town eminently combines the tranquillity of philosophic solitude with the choicest pleasures and advantages of refined society."

This quotation reminds one of the valuable sketch of Cambridge by his son, Mr. John Holmes, in the History of Middlesex County. With flashes of wit which strongly remind his readers of his brother, the poet, Mr. Holmes gives his own recollections of Cambridge in the past. He says that the houses on Kirkland street were erected about 1821, and that east of the Delta, now occupied by Memorial Hall, was a swamp extending to the higher ground and there terminating in the forest. He says that he himself has seen Indian corn growing where the Scientific School now stands, and that, in his early recollections, but one house stood on Kirkland street, "a dilapidated, untenantable Foxcroft house," of which more presently.

The fact must not be omitted that the troops destined to participate in the Battle of Bunker Hill took their way over the Charlestown Road, which had no part in the route of the troops in April. One British detachment then passed north of it by what was called Milk Row, now Beacon street, Somerville; the second detachment left Boston by way of the Neck, came over the Brighton Bridge and went on through North avenue. Returning, the harassed redcoats came down that avenue and again went by Milk Row homeward. But, before Bunker Hill, the Committee of Safety held a session in the house at the head of Kirkland street, then the headquarters

of General Ward and later the home of the Holmes family, and thence issued the order for the troops to march over that road on the night of June 16, 1775, to fortify the hill at Charlestown. It was down this road that General Warren hurried to the battle. Back over it came the troops after the battle; and by this road were brought the wounded to the hospitals, chief among these being Colonel Thomas Gardner of Cambridge, commanding the first Middlesex regiment, who died July 3. Thus the old road has been glorious in war.

A plan of Cambridge in 1635 shows the allotments of ground extending from the river as far north as "Cow-Yard Lane" which ran east and west about in the line of Dane Hall; nothing appears north of that lane, probably because the Charlestown Path was outside of the "pallysadoes" and had no inhabitants.

A plan of Cambridge "about 1750" shows some extension of the settlement, and here we find "The Way to Charlestown" set down, with the "Coledge" on the south side of it and a single house on the north side marked "Mr. Foxcroft's house."

Francis Foxcroft belonged to an old English family whose seat was at Leeds, in Yorkshire, near Kirkstall Abbey, whose magnificent ruins many Americans have visited. His father, Daniel, was mayor of Leeds in 1665. The son came to Boston in 1679. He, therefore, cannot be reckoned among the first settlers, but his education, abilities and wealth seem to have made him an important character from the first. In 1682 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Deputy Governor Thomas Danforth, and so connected himself with a truly great name. Mr. Danforth during his long life (born in England 1622, died 1699) was Selectman of Cambridge

twenty-seven years, Town Clerk twenty-four years, Assistant (or Councillor) to Governor twenty years, and Deputy Governor ten years; he was also Treasurer of Harvard College nineteen years; and held other important offices, all of which he discharged with the utmost fidelity. In 1643 he had married Mary Withington of Dorchester, and in 1652 he had sold his house which had been his father's and was on "Back Lane," and had built a house at a point on the Charlestown road a little way east of Oxford street. He had here about one hundred and twenty acres of land on both sides of Kirkland street, extending from the Somerville line to Gore Hall and including the Delta and lands east of it.

Mr. Danforth had a large family, but nearly all died before him, some of them from consumption, so that his real estate in Cambridge went to his daughter, Mrs. Foxcroft. In his description of his estate we have a realistic picture of the district in 1699: "My new dwelling house in Cambridge, with all the offices and buildings belonging thereto, together with my two orchards lying near to the same and all other my lands, swamps, medows, pastures, corn lands, adjoining thereto, the whole being by estimation about one hundred acres more or less, and is all fenced round about."

Judge Foxcroft thus became a resident of Cambridge about 1700. At that time no bridges directly connected it with Boston and the place retained its colonial character. Besides the group of buildings near the river, it is said that there was only one at East Cambridge, only four in Cambridgeport, and some seven west of Harvard Square, all these being large estates with fine mansions and the appointments of wealth.

The Danforth or Foxcroft estate was the only one

in the vicinity of the Delta. It included the Norton estate, the site of the Museums and Divinity Hall, the grounds of the New-Church Theological School, and of course "Professor's Row." Some of the old trees at Professor Norton's and the oaks seen near the upper end of Cambridge street and Broadway no doubt belong to that day of Foxcroft grandeur. Would that we might still see the famous pear tree which apparently was the northwesterly bound of the estate and thus probably stood near the corner of Quincy and Kirkland Streets! In a deed of Nov. 27, 1764, we read of the "Warden pear tree" (a hard winter pear, called Warden because it would keep a long time) from which the line ran eastward and so around to "the forementioned pear tree." The estate was nearly equally divided by the Charlestown road. Foxcroft street was laid out in the southerly part, but its name was changed to Cambridge street, at a later day.

The first Francis Foxcroft was Judge of Common Pleas from 1707 to 1719, and Judge of Probate 1708–1725. Tutor Flint in an obituary discourse said of him that "he was a gentleman by birth, was bred a merchant, was expert and skilful as well as just and upright. His natural powers were extraordinary, his acquired knowledge of various kinds was so too. His temper indeed was sudden, but this was his burden and lamentation. He was a person of grave and austere countenance and conversation, mixed with much of the gentleman and the Christian." He died at seventy. It should be recited in his honor that he was wholly opposed to the witchcraft trials and boldly so declared himself; but in vain, as popular clamor demanded them.

His two sons were Francis, born 1695, graduated at Harvard 1712, died 1768; and Thomas, born

1697, graduated 1714, died 1769. Thomas became pastor of the First Church in Boston in 1717 and was an excellent minister.

Francis, after the English plan, succeeded his father. He occupied the ancestral estate, and spent the most of his life in the public service. He was Register of Probate for Middlesex from 1709 to 1731, so that for many years the father was Judge and the son Register. He was Register of Deeds forty-five years, a member of the Council twenty-six years, and a Justice for twenty-seven years, until his resignation from reasons of age in 1764. He died in the family mansion to which he was brought as an infant. His wife was Mehitable Coney, and, as his brother married Anna Coney, the brothers may have married sisters, perhaps the daughters of John Coney of Boston. Francis and Mehitable had fifteen children, most of whom died young, making the parents' lives full of sorrow, we read.

There are many mentions of the second Foxcroft in Paige's invaluable History of Cambridge. For instance, when the "Meeting-house" was built in 1756, the Foxcroft subscription was a handsome one. In 1744 the second Francis was named first on a committee of five appointed by the town a School Committee, "to inspect the Grammer School and inquire (at such times as they shall think meet) what proficiency the youth and children make in their learning."

As to the house first erected by Danforth and so long used by the Foxcrofts that it was known as the Foxcroft house, there is a seeming disagreement between the Rev. Lucius R. Paige and Mr. John Holmes. The former says that the house was burned in 1777, the latter that it was standing in his youth, "dilapidated and untenantable." Mr.

Holmes would mean about the year 1820. Both are probably correct. There were undoubtedly several buildings connected with so large an estate. A portion may have been burned, leaving another portion of the buildings remaining, and this is probably what Mr. Holmes remembers.

Judge Foxcroft the second had strongly requested his heirs to retain the estate entire, and this was apparently done for a time from respect for his wishes, although they did not renew and maintain the mansion house. It may be well to follow the family a little further.

John, son of Francis second, seemed likely to follow the line exactly, for he became Register of Deeds and Justice of the Peace; but he lost office through his Royalist tendencies, had American troops quartered upon him, and became a man of leisure. He gained the whole estate by purchase of the rights of the other heirs, occupied the mansion until it was burned, and then moved to Dunster street. The present family seems to have descended from Francis, a brother of John and third of that name, who was a physician in Brookfield and had a large family. It was this removal of the family which caused the breaking up of the estate. Fortunately the preservation of the Norton Woods permits us to see a bit of it unchanged, and the taking of that ground for a park will ensure the preservation of the grove.

The second Foxcroft, after giving up his public duties, seems to have revived his earlier associations by compiling a catalogue of the Harvard graduates down to 1763. The kindness of Mr. Frank Foxcroft, now residing in Cambridge, furnishes several details regarding this useful work, of which the compiler said, in presenting it to the

Overseers,—"I have taken as fair a copy of it as my poor state of health and hands would admit of; and the same is, with the utmost respect, presented to you for your acceptance, by your, once, for many years, brother; but now hearty well wisher and most humble servant, Fra: Foxcroft."

This touch of his style may lead some readers to desire to see the preamble of his Will, which he signed Oct. 29, 1765, two years and a half before his death:—"I, Francis Foxcroft, of Cambridge in the County of Middlesex, within the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, Esquire, being mindful of my Mortallity and sensible of the frailty and weakness of my Body, however, Thanks be to God for it, of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and ordain what follows to be my last Will and Testament. I heartily wish well to all Mankind; and for that end that Christianity in the purity and perfection of it may be advanced and flourish among them; that the Potentates of the earth may exhibit the brightest examples of piety to their people and glory in nothing more than being the obedient subjects of the Majesty of Heaven, and in the applause of their people for the happy fruits and effects of their care and good government; and that our Sovereign and all under his Dominion may be mutual Blessings to each other. I desire the Blessing of God for all my friends, his Pardon for my Enemies, and an ample Reward for all my Benefactors. I desire thankfully to acknowledge all God's favors, heartily to repent of all my Sins and implore His tender Mercy in the forgiveness of them for Christ's sake; and humbly intreat that by the continued Influences of the Divine Spirit I may be wrought up to a fitness for the Society of Heaven and finally Translated to it

through the Merits of my Prevalent Intercessor. I gratefully return back my Body to my Mother Earth, therein to be decently buried, but free from any pageantry or show, nothing doubting of its Resurrection at the last day, and would devoutly resign my Spirit to God who gave it. As for that worldly estate which God has been pleased to bestow upon me (whereof that I have made no better improvement, I humbly beg pardon both for myself and for such as have been employed by me), I do hereby declare my mind and intent to be," etc.

After this preamble he provided for his wife and children and added, "Inasmuch as I am extremely desirous, if it be the will of God, that the estate I am in possession of should be continued in the posterity of that ancient and honored gentleman Thomas Danforth, Esquire, my grandfather and an excellent Patriot of this Country (of whom that there is so little said by those who have writ the history of it I am heartily sorry), from whom the bulk of it descended, I now do will and ordain that, in case either of my said sons should be inclined or necessitated to dispose of the whole or any part of what estate is so granted and set off to him, he shall tender the same to his brother or some of my family for refusal."

Perhaps if the worthy man could look now upon the happy homes and useful institutions which lie upon his estate, he might say with Plautus, "I know that many good things have happened to many when least expected," and with Virgil, "Time and the varying movements of changing years have bettered many things"—

> Multa Dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi
> Retulit in melius.

TORY ROW.

Tory Row.

By ADELINE A. DOUGLASS.

AT the beginning of the Revolution the larger proportion of the inhabitants of Cambridge were true to their own country in its struggle for liberty; but there were a few, office holders or those belonging to the aristocratic class, who maintained their allegiance to the King of England. It was to this class that the owners of almost every estate on the present Brattle street belonged; and because of this fact it was popularly designated as Tory Row. It was also known as Church Row, and another name was the romantic title, the King's Highway.

There were seven in all of these manor houses, surrounded by their farms and gardens. The occupants were largely related to one another, and they formed a very select circle. Few indeed outside of their own number were permitted to join in their festivities. Upon the breaking out of hostilities, the most of those with Tory proclivities were obliged to leave their homes, and in some cases to flee from their country. Their estates were confiscated and leased by the Committee of Correspondence.

Taking the houses in the order in which they are located, commencing at the east end of the street, we come first to the house on the left hand side of Brattle street next to the University Press, now occupied by the Social Union. It was

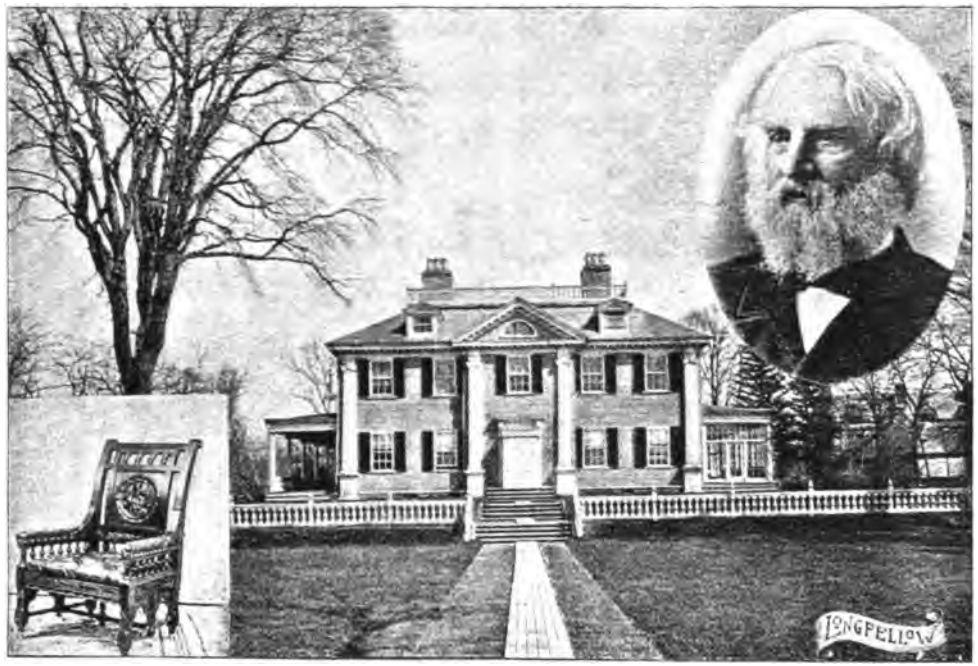
built about 1740 by Brigadier-General William Brattle of His Majesty's army. When General Brattle was obliged to leave his house, it was used by Col. Thomas Mifflin, quartermaster of the American army. The mansion was situated about in the centre of the extensive grounds which stretched from the present Brattle square to the Vassall estate. They were so beautifully laid out that they were said to be the finest in New England, with their shaded walks and lawns reaching to the banks of the Charles. Here were held a number of receptions while the army was in Cambridge. One was given in honor of Mrs. John Adams, and at another Mr. Adams was present. Another interesting association for Cambridge people lies in the fact that this house was once occupied by Margaret Fuller. The parlor and the room above are practically unchanged still, the former showing some handsome panelled wainscoting and, about the fireplace, probably the first Italian marble brought to America.

The next house in Tory Row was that at the corner of Hawthorn street, known as the old Batchelder or Vassall place. This is one of the oldest houses in Cambridge, as it was mentioned in the early records as being already built in 1642. In 1717 the estate came by inheritance to Jonathan Belcher, afterwards royal governor of the province, and into the possession of the Vassall family in 1736, having been purchased by Colonel John Vassall. Five years later it was sold by him to his brother, Colonel Henry Vassall. It was he, probably, who built the ancient brick wall forming the boundary line of the estate at the corner of Brattle and Ash streets (then known as Windmill Lane), which has been a landmark in Cambridge

for so many years. In 1775 it was in the hands of Penelope Vassall, widow of Colonel Henry Vassall, who fled to Antigua with her only daughter upon the breaking out of hostilities. This house was not confiscated as so many were at the time. It became, however, the headquarters for the medical department of the army under Dr. Church, and many of the wounded from Bunker Hill were taken here. It was in this mansion that Dr. Church was confined after his arrest for treasonable correspondence with the enemy, and his name is still to be seen carved on one of the old doors. In the sitting-room over the fireplace was a panel which opened outwards, revealing a space sufficient to conceal a man. The kitchen chimney was eight feet square. For a long time there was a popular belief that there was a subterranean passage connecting this house with the Longfellow mansion, made in order that the two Vassall families could have ready communication with each other; but search has been made among the low arches of the cellar for some trace of its existence without success. Tradition says that the Vassalls treated their slaves with cruelty, and blood stains have been shown in one of the rooms where it is said a slave was killed by a member of this family; but there is no evidence of the truth of the legend. On the contrary it is on record that Madame Vassall paid twenty pounds to free the child of their slave Tony. After the war this estate was purchased by Nathaniel Tracy of Newburyport, and later, in 1792, it was bought by Andrew Cragie who also owned the Longfellow house. About fifty years afterwards it came into the possession of Samuel Batchelder, the father of the present proprietors.

The Longfellow or Cragie house, the third of these notable places, stands nearly opposite the Batchelder estate. It was built in 1759 by Colonel John Vassall, a brother of Colonel Henry Vassall whose home we have just been considering. After he was obliged to vacate these premises, a regiment from Marblehead commanded by Colonel Glover occupied the mansion. This is perhaps the most interesting of the houses in Tory Row, as with it are associated the names of those who are so prominent, either historically or in the world of letters. As the headquarters of General Washington it will always hold a foremost place among the points of interest in Cambridge.

After Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army he left Philadelphia on the twenty-first of June, 1775, to join the troops whose headquarters were then at Cambridge. He accomplished the whole of the journey on horseback, accompanied from place to place by mounted escorts. He made all possible speed, arriving the second of July at Watertown, where the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts was in session, by which body he was warmly greeted. He then proceeded to the quarters assigned to him in Cambridge. As he approached the camp of the army which occupied about the site of the present common, he was greeted with shouts and the firing of artillery. Congress ordered that all the rooms but one in the house of the president of Harvard College, now standing on Massachusetts avenue between Dane and Boylston Halls and known as the Wadsworth house, should be prepared for the use of General Washington and of General Lee who accompanied him. On the morning of the next day, July 3, the army being drawn up on the com-



Longfellow or Cragie House.

mon, Washington formally took command under the wide-spreading branches of the venerable tree which will always be associated with this event. In a very short time Washington left the president's house, probably because he considered it too near Boston for safety, as a shell had burst near it shortly before. When he first entered Cambridge he was attracted by the appearance of the house on Tory Row then known as the Vassall place. Upon his indicating his preference for this estate as his residence, the Committee of Safety immediately ordered it put in readiness for his occupation; and about the middle of July—the exact date is uncertain—he removed to the new headquarters which became his home until he left Cambridge about nine months later.

How many troubled hours Washington spent under this roof! Prominent among his causes for anxiety was the fact that the army was short of ammunition, and it was of the greatest importance that the knowledge of this be kept from the invaders.

Mrs. Washington arrived in Cambridge from her home in Virginia, Dec. 11, 1775, accompanied by her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Custis. They travelled with a "chariot and four, with black postilions in scarlet and white liveries," a Virginian style of that period and one well befitting the rank of the wife of the commander-in-chief. After her arrival, many were the entertainments furnished in the dining-room of the old Vassall house, to the most notable people of the time. The rooms most closely connected with their occupancy are the southeast room on the first floor, which General Washington used as his study; the room over this, which was the general's chamber; the northeast room, where

he held councils of war with his subordinate officers; and the room on the left as one enters (the southwest), in which Mrs. Washington received her friends. This is now called the Lady Washington room, and the wood-work is the same as in 1775.

General Washington's appearance was very stately in his blue and buff uniform, rich epaulettes, elegant small sword, and silver-mounted pistols. He left his Cambridge home April 4, 1776, for New York. Thirteen years later when on a visit to Boston he passed through Cambridge and spent about an hour at his old headquarters.

In 1792 the Vassall estate was purchased by Andrew Cragie, by whose name it was known for so many years. It was said that he accumulated a fortune when apothecary-general to the Continental army. The northeast room on the first floor was enlarged and the wooden columns and much of the fine wood carving was added by Cragie. He was greatly interested in the development of East Cambridge, the bridge there still being known by his name. He became involved financially through his speculations, and during the last years of his life he was virtually a prisoner in his own house. He was liable to arrest for debt if he was seen outside his home on week days, though on Sundays he could go out with no fear of molestation. After his death his widow continued to reside here, helping out her income by letting rooms to students; and Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Joseph E. Worcester and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow among others occupied rooms in the venerable mansion at this time.

Soon after Mrs. Cragie's death in 1843, the estate was purchased by Mr. Longfellow. Since then the interest in the house on account of its con-

nection with Washington is overshadowed by the associations with our much loved and greatly honored poet. He first occupied the southeast chamber, and it was in this room that all of his poems from 1837 to 1845 were written. Later the room below this on the first floor was used by him as a study, and it remains to-day precisely as the poet left it in 1882.

The grounds of the Cragie estate extended to the house on the right-hand side of Brattle street, formerly at the west corner of Sparks street, occupied by John Brewster, which was removed about 1887 or 1888 to the corner of Riedesel avenue. This was the residence of Judge Richard Lechmere, and later in 1771 the home of Judge Jonathan Sewall. He was attorney-general, and fled on the breaking out of hostilities in 1775. It was in this house that Baron Riedesel and his wife were quartered after his capture with Burgoyne's army, and from which the baroness wrote the letters which are now of so much historical interest. The house has been greatly altered and is now decidedly modern in appearance.

We next come to the old Lee house, on the right hand side of Brattle street just above Appleton street, now known as the Nichols house. By some this is considered the oldest building in Cambridge. The frame of this edifice was brought from England, as the Reverend Daniel Waldo who built it feared there were no workmen in this country capable of erecting a house of this description. His name was written with a diamond on one of the window panes. The house was built in the most substantial manner, the partitions between the rooms being a foot thick, and the depth of the outer walls is shown by the wide window seats. The walls

of some of the rooms were covered with landscape paper. It was afterwards owned by Judge Joseph Lee. On the occupation of Cambridge by the troops he removed to Boston where he remained during the siege of that town, but after the siege was raised he returned to Cambridge and was allowed to live in his residence on condition that he would not interfere with politics, although he was obliged to give up his position as councillor. He remained here until his death, in 1802.

Next in order is the Fayerweather house also on the right-hand side of the street, between the Nichols house and Fayerweather street, long the residence of William Wells who kept there a well-known school for boys. This structure, built between 1740 and 1750, was first occupied by George Ruggles, who after the trouble with the mother country began, sold the estate in 1774 to Thomas Fayerweather. This house was used as a hospital for the wounded soldiers. In one of the old records we read: "August 21, 1775, a sergeant, corporal, and nine men to mount guard to-morrow morning at Mr. Fayerweather's house lately converted into a hospital."

The house is now owned by Mr. Newell and is in most excellent preservation, a fine, stately and hospitable mansion as of yore.

As famous as Cragie house, and for a similar reason, is "Elmwood," the entrance to which is on Elmwood avenue, between Brattle and Mount Auburn streets. This house was built between 1763 and 1767 by Thomas Oliver, the last of the lieutenant-governors under the crown. He was so much disliked by the people that a large number surrounded the house and demanded his resignation. He refused until he feared for his own safety and that

Elmwood.

of his family, when he wrote on the paper containing his resignation,—"My house at Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their commands, I sign my name, Thomas Oliver." He left Cambridge immediately and never returned. He died in exile at Bristol, England, in 1815. On his departure the house was taken possession of by the Committee of Correspondence. It was next used as a hospital for the men who were wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill, and in the field opposite this and the Fayerweather house those who died in these mansions, temporarily converted into hospitals, were buried. Elmwood then became for three weeks the headquarters for Benedict Arnold and his company of forty men from New Haven.

In 1779 it was sold to Andrew Cabot, who eight years later resold the residence to Elbridge Gerry of Marblehead, a well-known patriot and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He afterwards served as governor of Massachusetts, and later still as vice-president of the United States.

In 1818 the estate was purchased of Mr. Gerry's widow by Rev. Charles Lowell, who was pastor of the West Church in Cambridge for over forty years. A year later his youngest and most distinguished son, James Russell Lowell, was born there. During the life of Rev. Mr. Lowell both sides of Elmwood avenue were bordered by hedges of lilac and other shrubs which grew in great luxuriance. He wished it to be kept in this state of nature, as it was a reminder to him of the lanes in England. All who have read the letters of James Russell Lowell, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, will recall the love which the poet felt for this mansion, his birthplace, and its beautiful

grounds, where doubtless he received many of his poetic inspirations; and will feel, for the sake of the author whose personality will ever hallow this spot, an added interest in this, the last of the houses which constituted our historic Tory Row.

WAIFS.

All through the golden haze
Leaves were drifting and falling.
All through the mellow days
Boughs were bending and calling
To their little castaways.

Through branches almost bare
A squirrel came frisking and springing.
No restless birds were there;
Yet he was bounding and swinging
As if born of the sky and air.

But in the winter cold
Who will be loving and caring
For the leaves, then withered and old;
Or the sprite with his tilting and daring,
And no tender arm to enfold?

All through the changeful year
Nature is finding and keeping
A home for her children dear;
And the waifs may go fluttering or leaping
With never a shade of fear.

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

HISTORIC CHURCHES AND HOMES OF CAMBRIDGE.

First Church, Building Erected in 1649.

Historic Churches and Homes of Cambridge.

By CONSTANCE GROSVENOR ALEXANDER.

IN a sketch necessarily so brief as this must be, much can be merely touched on, much must be omitted that would be of interest to all who visit our beautiful, historic town. All that the writer can hope to do is to make these brief comments of sufficient interest to serve as guides to the tourist, or as finger-posts to storehouses of knowledge from which the curious may extract the hoards to be had there for the asking.

Cambridge has been called the "first capital of our infant republic, the cradle of our nascent liberties, the hearth of our kindling patriotism." Intimately associated as indeed it is with the stirring times of the Revolution, its two oldest churches, Christ Church, Episcopal, and Shepard Congregational, have their history most intimately woven with that of the patriots. First let us take Shepard Church the first church in Cambridge, because it is the oldest society, though its present building is comparatively modern.

When Cambridge was established and called Newtowne, it was designed to be the metropolis, but later this plan was given up in favor of Boston. Still, many people stayed here, reinforced in 1632 by the Braintree Company under Mr. Hooker. The latter, a graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge,

England, had taught in England, having among his converts John Eliot, apostle to the Indians. Mr. Hooker's friends built a meeting-house here and sent for him to be pastor. The church then was on Water street, now Dunster, south of Spring street, now Mt. Auburn. Hooker soon removed, with most of his congregation, to Hartford. At his departure, the remaining members of his flock founded a new church. The first regular church edifice was built near Governor Dudley's house, and Mr. Thomas Shepard was ordained pastor, 1636. At about the same time was established here the colony's first school, later developed into Harvard College.

The first members of Mr. Shepard's church were men prominent in the state, among them Henry Dunster, first president of the college. As there was, for nearly one hundred years, no other place of worship here, many Church-of-England men held pews in Mr. Shepard's Church, and kept them down to the time when Christ Church was founded. There are many records of this time, preserved partly in Mr. Shepard's own handwriting, in a book possessed by Dr. McKenzie.

In Shepard's time came the troubles over Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and her heresies, settled by a synod held in this church.

In 1636 Harvard College was established in Cambridge; for two reasons was it placed here: because the town was conveniently situated and because it was here "under the orthodox and soul-flourishing ministry of Mr. Tho. Shepheard." Twelve important men of the colony were chosen to take orders for the college, and of these were Shepard, Cotton, Wilson, Harlakenden, Stoughton, Dudley and Winthrop. Thus from the first, college interests

were closely linked to those of the First Church. Church and State were one in those days; *Christo et Ecclesiae* was the college motto.

In 1638 Newtowne became Cambridge, and the same year the college was called Harvard. Its first leader, Nathaniel Eaton, for maltreating his pupils was dismissed, and for a time Samuel Shepard administered the college affairs. In 1664, however, Henry Dunster became president. He was a member of Shepard Church, as was also Elijah Corlet, master of the "Faire Grammar School," on the site of which the Washington Grammar School now stands. In 1642 the first college commencement was held in the First Church.

In 1649 a new church was erected on nearly the present site of Dane Hall at Harvard Square. In this same year, before the church was completed, Mr. Shepard died. We have the record of him as "the holy, heavenly, sweet-affecting, soul-ravishing preacher."

Next to Shepard came Mitchel, almost equally celebrated for piety and eloquence. Cotton Mather and Richard Baxter praise him highly, and President Increase Mather said to his students, "Say, each of you, Mitchel shall be the example whom I will imitate." During this pastorate, Dunster was convicted of Anabaptist views and was compelled to resign in 1654.

In 1671 Uriah Oakes came over from England to be pastor. After the enforced resignation of President Hoar of Harvard, Oakes was appointed superintendent and later president (1679).

In 1717 came to the church Rev. Nathaniel Appleton, interesting as one who "fell on stirring times." At his installation Cotton and Increase Mather

took part. His degree of D. D., was the second granted by Harvard, the first being that given to Increase Mather. Dr. Appleton's pastorate lasted sixty years. Under him General Washington often worshipped. In his church met the delegates from the towns of the state to frame the constitution of the commonwealth. In his church, too, on October 17, the First Provincial Congress, presided over by John Hancock, met, and it continued to meet here until its dissolution, December 10. Here the Committee of Safety held its first meeting, November 2, and here, on February 1, 1775, the Second Provincial Congress met, adjourning to Concord on the 16th. Appleton's portrait, by Copley, hangs in Memorial Hall. In 1756 the Fourth Church of the Society was built. In it, for over seventy years, were held the public commencements of the college, and in it, too, was given the address of welcome to Lafayette, 1824. In Appleton's time Christ Church was built. Then, of course, he lost his Church-of-England parishioners.

In 1792 Abiel Holmes began his long pastorate. During his time, in 1814, the college first held separate religious services. It was in Dr. Holmes' pastorate that the important separation came, from which sprung the First Parish (Unitarian) Church. Unitarianism had begun, practically, in King's Chapel, Boston, under the teaching of Clark. The people there had given up the English liturgy and taken one arranged by their own minister, denying belief in the Trinity. For a time this congregation held within itself the seeds of the schism, but presently these were cast abroad on the four winds and took root far and near. As the new beliefs became manifest, Dr. Holmes showed his disapproval and was at last compelled

The Old Parsonage.

by his parish to resign. With the majority of his church he withdrew from his place and formed the "Shepard Congregational Society." This society built, in 1832, a new meeting-house on its present site, and though compelled, by decision of the Supreme Court, to yield up its funds, records, communion silver, and some other valuables to its one time fellow-members, whom it had now left, it yet preserved in itself unbroken the succession from the first church of 1636.

Those through whose objection the division had come, stayed behind and formed the First Parish Unitarian Church. They used the old meeting house until 1833, when the present one, on the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Church street, was built.

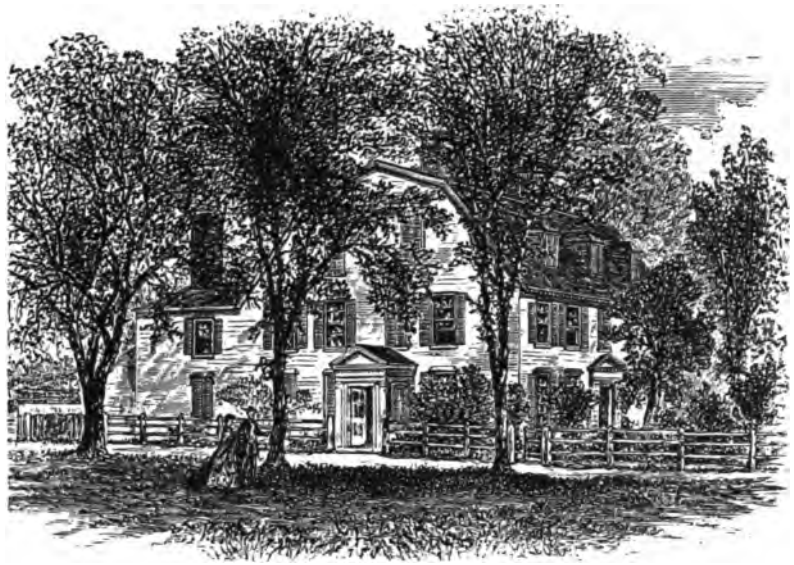
The remaining history of Shepard Church is briefly told. Dr. Holmes died in 1837. After him came Nehemiah Adams, and in 1835, Rev. John Albro, who remained thirty years. After his death came Dr. Alexander McKenzie, who has ably led the people and kept close the ancient connection between the church and the college.

We turn now to Christ Church, the second oldest in the city, and one even more full of association, since its building has always remained substantially the same. On April 5, 1759, a letter was sent to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, asking aid to build an Episcopal Church in Cambridge. It was desired by five or six gentlemen, "each of whose incomes," says an authority, "was judged to be adequate to the maintainance of a domestic chaplain." The letter, signed by Henry Vassall, John Vassall, Tho. Oliver, Robt. Temple, Joseph Lee, Ralph Inman, David Phipps and James Apthorp, was drawn up

by Dr. Caner, rector of King's Chapel, Boston. The aid granted, these gentlemen proceeded, in 1761, to the erection of a church, over which Rev. East Apthorp was made rector. The architect of the church was Mr. Peter Harrison, Newport, R. I., who also designed King's Chapel (ten years earlier), and the Redwood Library and City Hall in Newport. The land was bought, the rear half from James Reed, the rest from the owners of the common. Some say the pillars were turned on the common, but certain it is that the frame was not brought from England.

Expense was not spared in furnishing the church. A fine organ, made John Snetzler of London, a bell weighing over fifteen hundred pounds, a silver christening basin from the rector's mother, a folio Bible from Mrs. Faneuil, and two folio prayer-books from Mr. Lechmere, were the chief gifts. Of these all but the organ and bell are now preserved and can be seen. The organ was broken, its pipes scattered, by vandal hands in 1778; the bell was recast in 1831, and again recast in the chime (with its old inscription) in 1859. Near the door were put two small pews for the wardens, whose wands of office stood in the corners, and these pews still remain.

In 1761 the church was opened, although, owing to the absence of any bishop, it could have no true consecration. At this service, a prayer for George III. was, of course, said. All but one or two of these first members were Tories later, and their houses, on Brattle street, were known as Tory Row or Church Row. Besides these Tory Row people, Richard Lechmere, Benjamin Faneuil (brother of Peter), James and Thomas Apthorp (brothers of East), Madame Temple and her son Robert, Brig-



Rev. Dr. Holmes' Residence from 1807.

adier-General Isaac Royal, the Skiltons and Sweethens of Woburn, and Robert Nichells of Billerica, all went to Christ Church.

At 10 Linden street was the old rectory. It had hand-painted wall paper and Delft tiles, and was so grand it was called the "Bishop's Palace." Indeed, so did the Puritan people in the town dread lest Dr. Apthorp aspire to be bishop that they fairly drove him, by opposition, back to England in 1764.

The next important period of the church's history was the Revolution time during which Christ Church was beaten upon by the waves of a wild tide of patriotism. The rector was forced to fly and had but a troubled life of it thereafter. In the summer of 1774 the last regular services before the Revolution were held in the church. The only member left was Judge Lee, who was unmolested because his principles were mild.

Now for a space the church ministered to the soldiers' bodily rather than to their spiritual needs. After Lexington, the company of Captain John Chester from Wethersfield, Conn., was quartered in the church. There is still a bullet mark in the porch as a reminder of this period. The sole member who took the colonial side, John Pidgeon, was appointed commissary-general to the forces. The rest, Tories, fled to General Gage in Boston.

General Washington, a good churchman, though for reasons of expediency he often worshipped with his men at the Congregational meeting house (then under Dr. Appleton), when Mrs. Washington came, Dec. 31, 1775, had Christ Church re-opened for a service which he attended. One is still shown the place where his hat was laid, near the threshold.

"General and Mrs. Washington probably occupied

Robert Temple's pew, third from the front, on the left wall, now the slip opposite the sixth pillar from the door," says Mr. Batchelder. A queer little uncomfortable wooden pew is shown you, if you climb to the belfry, and is said to be the very one in which the general sat. That day Col. William Palfrey read service, and gave a form of prayer which he had written in place of the one for the king.

In June, 1777, when British and Hessian troops were quartered here, after Burgoyne's capitulation, Lieut. Richard Brown of the Seventy-first English regiment was shot by a sentry. He was buried under Christ Church, probably in the Vassall tomb, and it was on this day that the church was most defaced by vandals.

After this the church was a mere ruin, the people were scattered, their very estates sold. In 1790 it was re-opened, and on this occasion for the first time a prayer was made for the president of the United States.

With intervals between there followed a long period when lay readers chiefly conducted the church services. In 1800, on February 22, there was a service in commemoration of the death of Washington. In 1824 full repairs were made, the box pews were changed to square, and other alterations were made. In 1826, the church was regularly re-opened.

On October 15, 1861, the one hundredth anniversary was observed, and then was first heard the Harvard chime. Soon after the old wine-glass pulpit was removed.

The present rector came to the Church in 1892, and ministers to a prosperous and peaceful parish.

The interesting relics to be seen in the church are the communion service, bearing arms of William and Mary, and forming part of a larger set given (1694) to the rector of King's Chapel, Boston, by these sovereigns. These pieces were used there up to 1772, when Thomas Hutchinson became governor. He was given the crown communion plate and the pulpit furniture to distribute. The new set of plate went to King's Chapel, and the old was divided between a church at Newburyport and Christ Church here. There are three pieces here, flagon, chalice and paten. On the under side of each is written, "The gift of K William and Q Mary to ye Rev'd Sam'l Myles for ye use of their Maj'ities Chapell in N. England—1694." Mr. Batchelder, who gives these facts about the service, adds also that it is used only on especial occasions. There is another silver service and one of gold (the Foote memorial). The silver basin given by Mrs. Grizzel Apthorp is used as the chief alms basin. A silver service given in 1791 by Mrs. Bethune, daughter of Benjamin Faneuil, is used for communion-alms. The original parchment parish-register dating back to 1759 is preserved by the church.

Between Christ Church and the First Parish Church lies the old peaceful graveyard, ablaze in autumn with golden-rod. The yard is fully two hundred and sixty-four years old, and had been used about one hundred and thirty years before Christ Church was built. Here lie Stephen Day, first printer of this continent north of Mexico; Elijah Corlet, first master of the Faire Grammar School; Thomas Shepard, first pastor in Cambridge; also Jonathan Mitchell, Nathaniel Gookin, William Brattle, Thomas Hilliard, and Mr. Apple-

ton; and of the Harvard presidents, Dunster, Chauncy (on whose tomb is a Latin inscription), Oakes, Leverett, Wadsworth, Holyoke, Willard and Webber. Here are also Governor Belcher, Judge Remington, Mrs. Brattle; and under Christ Church is the old Vassall tomb, containing ten coffins—those of the family and also one of the black servants of the family, and one probably of Lieutenant Brown, the English officer who was shot by a sentry. In the yard stands a monument erected to the memory of Mr. Hicks, Moses Richardson and William Marcy, who fell April 19, at Lexington. An interesting bit of the graveyard's history is that here, in July, 1775, the tombs were reft of their metal coats-of-arms, from which bullets were made.

It is natural to turn from Christ Church to a brief mention of the dwellings of its first parishioners.

The old Watertown Road once ran up what are now Mason and Brattle streets. On Brattle street were the stately residences occupied by men to whose staunch loyalty to England was due the name of Tory Row bestowed on their dwellings. As these families were also, as has been said, Christ Church parishioners, the second name was given their abodes of Church Row. Between these people and those of the college and of the Congregational Church little love was lost.

When the Revolution broke out, the denizens of this peaceful row grew unpopular to such a degree that they fled for refuge to General Gage in Boston, and their property was, in most cases, confiscated. The houses of Major Henry Vassall, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver and Mrs. George Ruggles were used as hospitals for those wounded

at Bunker Hill. Those whose houses were saved for them were chiefly those whose Toryism, like that of Judge Lee, was of an inoffensively mild type.

Never again could the old brilliant congregation be gathered in Christ Church. For years the services languished, and the places of the aristocratic first members remained obviously empty. The life of luxurious leisure, of dignified living, had been too rudely broken to be soon mended.

Beside this particular group of houses, there are others whose history is also interesting. Of these one is the old Waterhouse mansion, on Waterhouse street. It was owned and occupied before the Revolution by William Vassall. Here are preserved relics of the famous Dr. Waterhouse, who was one of the first to introduce vaccination into America. In token of this fact, the family preserve a clock, surmounted by a golden cow. Another relic is an old clock presented in 1790 to Dr. Waterhouse by Peter Oliver, chief Justice of the province. It is wound at Christmas and on the fourth of July.

Another interesting house is the old Hicks House, at the corner of Dunster and Winthrop streets. It is chiefly interesting as the home of the patriot, John Hicks, who aided in the Boston tea-party, December 16, 1773. He was killed in the Concord fight, and his is one of the six names on the monument in the old burying-ground. The glass door is still shown through which he rushed to his death. Washington used the northeast room of this house as a commissary office.

Of all the historic houses here, the most interesting to me, aside from Cragie House and Elmwood, is the so-called "Bishop's Palace." It is

on Linden street, between Mt. Auburn and Massachusetts avenue, and stands well back, with its side to the street. A path leads up to it, between old borders of fragrant box. This house was built about 1761 by the Rev. East Apthorp, first rector of Christ Church. When the Puritans feared Mr. Apthorp was aspiring to a bishopric in this country, he was forced by popular feeling to return to England. The house was next occupied by John Borland, a merchant, who lived there until the Revolution. Then General Putnam took it for the headquarters of the Connecticut troops, and it was so used until the Battle of Bunker Hill. Next General Burgoyne was placed there for safe keeping. It is now owned by the daughters of Doctor Plympton, in whose family it has been for over one hundred years. The house is exquisitely preserved. In the stately drawing-room, to the left of the front door, there are, about the fireplace, quaint blue Dutch tiles, and a fireback representing Britannia. The balusters of the staircase are beautifully carved by hand. In the second story chamber once occupied by General Burgoyne, the walls are panelled and covered with landscape paper. On the front door are a huge brass knocker and lock, while the iron key is sufficiently ponderous to lock a Bastile against intruders. The house is built with exceeding care; the clapboards and shingles are split instead of planed, air-spaces are left between the middle brick wall and the two outer wooden ones, and indeed every pains has been taken to render the house a complete and beautiful whole.

It is hard to turn from my subject and lay down my pen, for somehow in Cambridge there lurks a subtle charm potent over the hearts of all, even of those who sojourn here but for a time. This

charm is, I think, most strongly exhaled, like a flower's perfume, in summer. Then, as one lingers at evening on the silent brown paths, looking up at the cool, shadowy green boughs, that render more infinitely vast the starry sky-depths beyond, one feels the spell most powerfully. Thoughts of which dreams are made throng the mind, and stories of the past with which the Cambridge air is filled dominate the imagination. Then the college life, with its present hopes and enthusiasms and its joyous modernity has ebbed away for a tidal-hour, leaving bare the quiet shore of the past, seamed and lined with the traces of two centuries' tides. In some such a summer I have written this brief account and now send it forth, "with all its imperfections thick upon it," trusting it will lead someone else to seek out the history and grow to love stories of Cambridge as do I, to whom "its dust is dear."

For assistance in preparing the facts contained in this article I am indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. William B. King and Dr. McKenzie. I have also learned much from the following authorities: History of Shepard Church, Dr. McKenzie; The Cambridge of 1776, by Mr. Arthur Gilman; Harvard and its Surroundings, Mr. Moses King; Christ Church, Cambridge, Mr. S. F. Batchelder, and from other works of a like nature.

MAPLES IN AUTUMN.

How fairly shows yon distant maple, shedding
  Its blood-red leaves upon the forest ground,
Those very leaves that not long since were wedding
  The young spring breeze with modest rustling sound!
Its yearly tribute done, 'twill be left standing
  To wrestle naked with the winter breeze,
And, by such change deciduous, grow commanding
  And flourish lofty 'mid its sister trees.
Might we too shed, in patient courage hopeful
  Our brilliant dreams, soft falling one by one,
While with God's love, like sap, our veins still flow full,
  We shall not need the wild wind's benison,
But though most desolate our fortune seemeth
May yet bud greener than the wanderer dreameth.

SUSAN LOUISA HIGGINSON
(*lived in Cambridge*, 1820–1842).

SOME CAMBRIDGE SCHOOLS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Some Cambridge Schools in the Olden Time.

By Miss S. S. JACOBS.

THE old town records tell us that our ancestors had a school where grammar, that is, Latin, and English were taught, as well as writing and ciphering. Mr. Elijah Corlet was its master between forty and fifty years, and "is praised in that he hath very well approved himself for his abilities, dexterity and painfulness in teaching."

That word "painfulness" is a good one.

Our present Corlett school in the Belmont district is so named in honor of this prophetic Elijah, the forerunner of the many who since his day have approved themselves for their abilities, dexterity and painfulness.

The old schoolhouse stood on the westerly side of Holyoke street about half way between Harvard and Mount Auburn streets, on a lot owned by President Dunster of the college. It was used for school purposes till 1796, then for a printing office.

A second, later schoolhouse was on the southerly side of Garden street, about one hundred feet from Appian Way and a little west of the Episcopal church. This building was twenty feet in width by twenty-six in length, and was erected many years after Mr. Corlet had laid aside his grammar and

his ferule. It is noticeable that many schools now cluster not far from this spot—the Washington School, the Cambridge School, one in Mason street and one or more in Appian Way.

The stated fees being quite insufficient for Mr. Corlet's support, special grants were made him. One of ten pounds was ordered in 1680. The record reads: "It was agreed at a meeting of the whole town, that there should be land sold of the common for the gratifying of Mr. Corlet for his pains in keeping of a school in the town; the sum of ten pounds if it can be attained, provided it shall not prejudice the common." The "common" probably means any undivided lands held in common by the proprietors of the town. The land actually sold under authority of this order was on the south side of Charles River.

As Mr. Corlet, in addition to his other duties, prepared Indians for college, this "gratifying" does not seem excessive.

Cambridge is then, in 1680, provided with a schoolhouse and a schoolmaster. Now as to pupils. In that year there were nine, perhaps a fair proportion as compared with that college class which, as we know on high poetical authority, consisted of "the nephew of the President, and the Professor's son."

To complete the proper school equipment, we find an order, "to see to the educating of children as follows: it is ordered, that John Bridge shall take care of all the families of that side the highway his own house stands on; Sergeant Winshepe is to see to the families on the other side and all the families in the lane going from the meeting-house down to the river and so Watertown-ward; George Cooke to take care of all the families be-

tween the way appointed for Russell to see to [Russell's directions are worn off from the record and cannot be read] and the highway going from the meeting house into the neck." All Dana Hill was part of the Neck, and the meeting house was about where Dane Hall now is. The record continues—"My brother Oakes all on the other side the river." Is not this a rudimentary school committee? They cannot be mere truant officers.

In after years we have regular annual appointments of reverends and honorables, with bills from the Anchor Tavern or other inn for the dinner with which their labors were invariably alleviated. At these dinners, liquors of different kinds were served, according to the custom of the times.

Having thus established our school system on a permanent basis, before leaping over a period of a century and a half to alight upon personal reminiscences, let us pause for a moment to think of the incredulous distaste with which Madame Dunster and other ladies of her day would have regarded any true prophecy of the present age of bicyles, electric cars, and collegiate education of women. It is not quite a hundred years since it was ordered that a grammar school should be maintained all the year round, and a school for girls for four months in a year.

It was near the beginning of the century that the first public school was established in Cambridge Port, on School street near Winsor. A second, dating from 1809, was on Franklin street about midway between Magazine and Pearl streets.

There was another school, spoken of seventy years ago as the C. P. P. G., which, being interpreted, is the Cambridge Port Private Grammar,

and this has no slight claim to remembrance. James Freeman Clarke was at one time its principal, and Dr. Holmes has touched it with his luminous pencil in one of his papers in the *Atlantic*. Besides the Poet-Autocrat it reckoned among its pupils Richard H. Dana, who was by and by to write his "Two Years before the Mast," and later to become eminent in many directions; and Margaret Fuller, the most remarkable woman that Cambridge has produced. It is doubtful if any or all of our existing grammar schools have "names to conjure with" like these of Holmes, Dana and Margaret Fuller. Yet the C. P. P. G. did not count hundreds: we were but thirty. Those of us who rank among the undistinguished were of course mighty and most honorable, howbeit as is said in the Book of Samuel, we "attained not unto the first three."

Our schoolhouse stood on the south side of Austin street, about midway between Temple and Prospect streets. Nearly opposite were the houses of Dr. Chaplin and Judge Fay with gardens on each side extending from Prospect street to Inman and back almost to Harvard street. Dr. Chaplin was a then celebrated physician. Several cottages in the garden were occupied by his insane patients whom the boys and girls in the school opposite used to see walking about the grounds, or riding forth, a melancholy troop of six or eight. They were always mounted on white horses, sometimes with the stately doctor at their head, oftener with an attendant. This man was an early and zealous abolitionist, and as for some reason now forgotten the school had taken a dislike to him, among its lessons were laid up the resolutions not " to go crazy," even for the sake of riding on white

horses; and on no account to be abolitionists. But this was seventy years ago.

As a specimen of this man's zeal, it is related that taking advantage one Sunday of the absence of his minister, Dr. Stearns, who afterwards went to Amherst College as president, he attempted to introduce the abhorred doctrine into the pulpit.

Now it was in those times the custom for the members of the congregation who were afflicted in mind, body or estate, to send written requests to the minister officiating, that prayer might be offered on their behalf. The phraseology might be "Mr. Bimelech Stone desires the prayers of the church, the same being very weak and low"; or "Mrs. Tremor desires prayers for the sudden death of her husband, that it may be sanctified to her everlasting good." On the way home, it would not be remarked by one hearer to another, that Mr. Stone was very ill, or Mrs. Tremor bereaved, but that they "had a note up."

Sometimes the paper contained a suggestion to be acted upon without being read aloud. The note Dr. C. sent was meant to be of this kind. These were the words: "There is a slaveholder in my pew; please to cut him up in the last prayer."

But to turn from this digression to the public school which, to use Mrs. Burnett's phrase, is "the one I knew the best of all," viz., that founded in 1809, of which I became a member somewhere in the twenties. Though the schoolhouse was a building of two stories, only the lower one was occupied by the school. The outer door opened into a little vestibule where were nails for hanging coats and hats; here too was another door to a stairway with which we had nothing to do. The schoolroom itself—there was but one (a fine con-

trast to the spacious halls and classrooms of to-day) was furnished with clumsy desks or tables having a narrow shelf beneath and long benches. It accommodated perhaps sixty children. In the middle of the room was a huge stove for burning wood; also a long crack useful for keeping a class in line.

The floor above our room belonged to a lodge of Freemasons. We never soared so high, but continued groundlings, as the phrase was in Addison's day.

What sums we ciphered! For it pleased the fates
To bind us close to slate pencils and slates,
Adams' Arithmetic before our eyes.
(He made it after he left Paradise.
We cannot fancy that in scenes Elysian
Adam and Eve knew ever Long Division.)
Oft-times we stood in rows with aspect solemn,
Convulsive adding up some figured column.
Sad grew one heart I knew, and ever sadder,
To find on every side a swifter adder.

And when sometimes a sultry south wind blew,
Our Baker found too hot his oven grew,
Sent out his living things by two and two,
As Noah from his ark was glad to do.
There sat the boys and ciphered in the shade,
And the soft air about their temples played.
Busy and happy ones; all smoothly went,
While with their tasks legitimate content,
But from the narrow way the least deflection
Is pretty sure of no remote detection.

The square is drawn; its characters you know,
Nine minor squares to fill with X or O,
And he says, "Tit, tat, too," who gets a row.
"Tit, tat," says James, and marks it down, but hark!
"Too," shouts the master, and he makes his mark.

And looking backward, was it yesterday,
Or was it rather scores of years away,
When, standing up the vowel sounds to say,

"Long *A* in tater — gravy," one began,
And smothered laughter through the circle ran.
At close of day the roguish Thurston found
That he could give aright one vowel sound;
Long *O* comes natural to the quivering lips,
When the long *A* in fate meets with short *I* in whips.

The principal of the school—in white flannel dressing gown not free from ink-spots caused by frequent wipings of his pen, with cowhide in hand, running with noiseless slippers along the tops of the desks to reach that boy in the far corner, unaware of his approach and now at work on the core of an apple—would no doubt give the scholars of to-day reason to suppose that the master had suddenly become crazy.

Other punishments besides the cowhide are now also obsolete. No boy, for example, is now made to stand on a bench with a bag of unbleached cotton tied over his head, and no girl has to wear a split stick shaped like a clothes-pin on her nose. We are told that cleanliness is next to godliness, but it hardly follows that wearing a sort of imitation clothes-pin on one's nose is conducive to virtue. But however new or odd or multiplied were our pains and penalties, they were looked upon as incidents in our daily life, to be avoided if possible, or to be borne with becoming fortitude. Children do accept their belongings as part of the essential structure of the universe.

Much of a teacher's time was taken up with pen making and mending, for writing was well taught, and steel pens were still in the future.

Beneath the desk, ye small offenders, quick,
Where bits of quill and stings of conscience prick.
But there stands solitary on the floor,
One known among us as the monitor.
Caught whispering he was, soon after dinner,

And now he watches for another sinner;
Shortly he has one, and the two change places.
William is idle, Harriet makes faces,
Peter is laughing, Anne lets fall her maps;
So it goes on — an hour or two perhaps,
But seldom longer; sharp as Andrew looks,
He finds no eye raised from the proper books.
In vain he sudden whirls, east, west, north, south;
Sits a wise gravity on every mouth.
Back seats nor front, nor boys nor girls once vary
From studious diligence most exemplary;
Each pays great heed to his peculiar labors,
And no one sayeth aught unto his neighbors.
A model school: why surely at this rate
All soon will know enough to graduate.
This lasts till five o'clock. Alas! to tell
The fate of him, unhappy sentinel.

Listen a tale Chinese: Where Yang-tse-kiang flows
There is a sort of folk, the story goes,
Who live on boats or rafts and keep a stock
Of ducks, tame ducks, for profit. This, their flock
Daily goes out to eat what it can catch,
But home it comes to sleep and lay and hatch.
The summons is the ringing of a bell;
Each drake and duck and duckling knows it well,
And when they hear afar its nightly tinkling,
Whate'er may tempt, obey it in a twinkling.
They crowd, they push, fly o'er each other's backs,
And the whole river is alive with quacks.
The secret of this haste, this fluttering, skipping,
Is plain to see: the last duck gets a whipping.

School done, without a moment wasting,
Our flock poured out glad, careless, hasting,
But our last duck had a most thorough basting!

O happy days and wise! I need not tell
How hard we worked when "choosing sides" to spell.
Now wins the enemy, now our ranks swell;
'T is almost night, yet still the conflict rages,
And heavy batteries fire from Walker's pages;
Now here, now there, the favorite champion crosses,
Sometimes our gains are great, sometimes our losses.
But say, to them who, in life's earnest fight
For victory strive, brings any triumph quite
The overflowing, unalloyed delight,
The joy, as when our side spelled "phthisic" right?

My sketch were faulty, with entire omission
Of our great crowning glory, Exhibition.
Though scarce could you expect one of my age
All that was spoke in public on the stage
To recollect, yet Shylock's knife, Lochiel,
And Young Pretenders haunt the memory still;
And one named Norval of his Grampians vaunting,
And grinding organs — nor the monkey wanting.
One beau worth having I remember well;
Shall I confess? — the bow of William Tell.

Nor is it soon forgot how once a quarter
Sore trembled every mother's son and daughter.
The vain, the timid, all felt perturbation
Upon the morning of Examination.
For there would come that day strange visitors,
Part conscript fathers, part inquisitors,
Not men susceptible of mirth or pity,
Not friends and ministers — but the Committee.
How truly awful was the warning hum,
And the announcement, "Here they are, they come!"
The boys look bold and saucy, and each girl
Gives the last finish to her favorite curl.

They enter and bestow on either hand
A glance meant to be dignified and bland.
Now are our lessons weighed in the just steelyard —
And oft found wanting too — of Mr. Hilliard;
Now are the copies of each urchin wayward
'Neath the clear, searching eyes of Mr. Hayward.

There was a class that Whelpley's Compend used,
Whose talk historic our small brains confused.
Egyptian, Grecian, Roman facts we knew,
And Carthaginian; and we mixed them, too,
Like Seidlitz-powder papers, white and blue,
To the Committee then poured out the essence,
Which made a very pretty effervescence.
One of this class it was my hap to be.
To say the world's seven wonders came to me,
That I was not the eighth, 't was plain to see.
Well I remember faltering on my tongue,
The hanging gardens of old Babel hung.
Failure was imminent. Just then I heard
Soft whispered in my ear, the important word.
No classmate breathed it, but more kind than just
'T was gentle Whipple raised me from the dust;

My prisoned memory felt glad release,
And I went bravely on and "said my piece."

Our trials o'er, "the chair" made an oration,
Found some improvement in our "pronounsation";
We heard the words "deportment," "approbation,"
Took a long breath, and a whole week's vacation.

Note.—The foregoing sketch gives the names of the three gentlemen composing the School Committee, as recalled by the present writer. Could the wildest visionary dream there would come a time when a woman would be appointed "school committee man"?

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Recollections of My Childhood.

By Mrs. JOANNA HOUGHTON CLARK.

HAVING been requested to write a few lines for this book, I "lend a hand" and cheerfully jot down a few memories which may refresh those of others among my earliest friends.

In all my childish recollections, from 1836 on toward the forties, nothing seems to linger more persistently than the frequent journeys down Main street to Ma'am Rand's store. This was kept by a sunny-faced, pleasant-voiced woman, who always addressed me as "Dear life, dear soul," from whose hand in exchange for my copper cents, I received many a sugar heart, either white or red as I preferred. There were jumping-jacks, too, of brilliant colors; open-work pewter baskets with covers, for fourpence ha'penny; pewter frying-pans with a green and a blue fish in each (always the two, side by side); jews-harps of various sizes; little churns, in which I many a time made about a teaspoonful of butter for my dolls' table, and which in imagination I can still taste, it being strongly and horribly flavored with the pine churn; molasses gibralters and tiny peppermints dropped on paper; jointed dolls with smooth black painted heads, and high yellow combs, all the way from two cents to a ninepence in price. The children of to-day would be puzzled to give the value in those old times of a fourpence and a ninepence, representing then six and a quarter and twelve and a half cents.

What would they think to be told when purchasing goods that the price was "two and thrippence," "three and ninepence" or "four and sixpence"? We older children remember the prices as thirty-seven and a half, sixty-two and a half and seventy-five cents.

I think with actual pity of the children of the present generation who have no remembrance of such a store, with a bell which jingled merrily as the door opened, to call one of the two sisters from a back room. It is next to being without a remembrance of a grandmother's home in the country, where the hollyhocks stood near the open windows, and the bees flew in and out, and the white floors were sanded, and the rows of shining tins full of milk looked so inviting, and the fruit cake smelt so sweet in the high cupboards, with a big wooden "button," as it was called, to fasten the doors instead of a lock.

The two sisters who kept the store where I loved to linger, were regular attendants at the old Orthodox Church on Norfolk street, where Rev. William A. Stearns preached faithfully for many years. My father used to assist in "taking up the collection," and always said if everyone should give as generously in proportion as these women, the results would be astonishing.

Miss Abigail usually wore in the house a buff muslin turban, but for church the bonnets were something to attract attention, being made of black satin lined with yellow. Immense bows of broad gauze ribbon were placed between the crown which resembled a tin quart measure, and the front which was like a large tunnel. These bonnets were worn long after the fashion had passed away and given place to the small "cottage bonnet" or other

forms. What a bonanza one of them would be now! Also a fourpence ha'penny or a ninepence!

School memories crowd upon me too: first a private one kept by Miss Caroline Pratt, then the public school, taught by Miss Ford; and another by Miss Almira Seymour, who one May Day, formed a procession of her scholars, and marched through several streets, preceding them as the "Queen of the May," with a long green barége veil hanging down at her back, and a wreath of flowers on her head.

Perhaps that dusty march was responsible for my change of schools, as I was sent then to a private school kept by Miss Nancy Gibson in the rear part of a chapel on Austin street. In a small room adjoining was a trundle-bed where two or three of the very little children took a daily nap. Every desk had a lid, upon the inside of which was pasted this couplet:—

> *Can't* never yet did anything;
> *Try* has done wonders.

Then came Miss Mansfield's school, and Mr. Magoun's. Who does not look back with pleasure to Mr. Magoun's reign? I loved him, even though he inflicted many an indignity upon me, by causing me to follow him while he slowly moved through the seats on the boys' side, mending their quill-pens or filling their inkstands, thereby mortifying greatly my sweet elder sister who never did anything wrong; and all—for what? Whispering, Mr. Magoun called it, but in my opinion, it was "friends taking sweet counsel together."

My copy of the old American First Class Book, the reader used then, is among my choicest possessions. It has my name written by Mr. Magoun, on the fly-leaf, dated 1844.

We had singing lessons once a week given by Mr. Joseph Bird from Watertown, who drove down in a covered wagon, and sometimes brought pails of brilliant gold and silver-fish, for those who had paid good attention to his teaching.

There are also indistinct remembrances of the election of William Henry Harrison, when our school children wore straw-colored badges, and in a few weeks' time, those were replaced by crape, which we all wore for one month.

I remember a great red, white and blue ball covered with mottoes being carried through Cambridge streets; and through the kindness of Mr. John Livermore I am able to state that "this ball was used in the political campaign of 1840 and was planned by J. Vincent Brown, a merchant of Boston. It was made in Salem, Mass., and was about nine feet high. It was loaned to the Cambridge people for a general convention held at Concord, on the Fourth of July, and was carried on a team nearly to Lexington, and from there rolled the remaining distance, with ropes held by twenty men on either side."

These are some of the many memories that are constantly recurring, and perhaps they will not be considered too personal by others who lived in the thirties of the century so near its close.

A GUIDE TO HARVARD COLLEGE.

West Gate, Harvard College.

A Guide to Harvard College.

By Miss ALICE M. JOSE.

THE aim of the following sketch is to present to the stranger, visiting Harvard for the first time, an intelligible and may we hope a faithful guide to its chief points of interest. The location of the University in Cambridge makes it easily accessible by all the electric routes from Boston which pass through Harvard Square.

We have chosen to enter the beautiful grounds of the college campus at the West gate, the gift of Mr. Samuel Johnston of Chicago. This is an ornamental structure of brick with trimmings of freestone and wrought-iron. A tablet on the left informs us that—

By the General Court of Massachusetts Bay
28 October 1636 agreed to give 400 £
Towards a schoale or colledge whereof 200 £
To bee paid the next yeare & 200 £
When the worke is finished & the next court
To appoint wheare & wt building
15 November 1637 the colledg is ordered
To bee at Newetowne
2 May 1638 It is ordered that Newetowne
Shall henceforward be called Cambridge
13 March 1638–9 It is ordered that the colledge
Agreed upon formerly to bee built at Cambridg
Shal be called Harvard Colledge

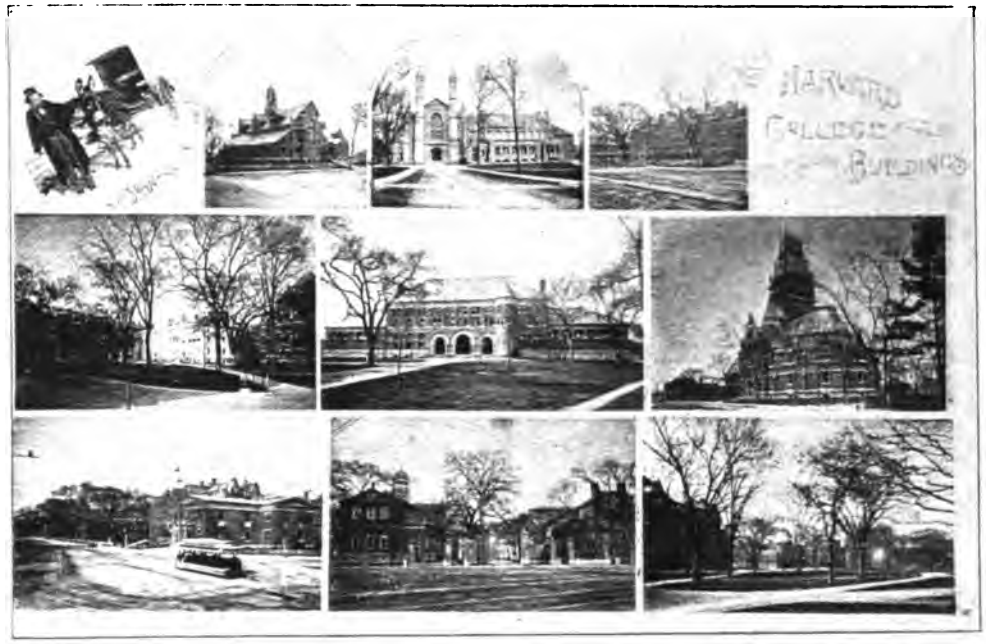
From the tablet on the opposite side we learn that—

After God had carried us safe to New England
And wee had builded our houses
Provided necessaries for our livelihood
Reard convenient places for Gods worship
And setled the civill government

One of the next things we longed for
And looked after was to advance learning
And perpetuate it to posterity
Dreading to leave an illiterate ministry
To the churches when our present ministers
Shall lie in the dust
New Englands First Fruits

Passing into the college yard, two very ancient brick buildings greet our sight. Built in the early years of the last century, they have witnessed many stirring scenes. During the first year of the Revolution the Provincial Congress took possession of them as barracks for the American soldiers. That on the right is Massachusetts Hall, built in 1718, the oldest in the yard, and used for a dormitory with rooms for lectures and examinations.

The building on our left is Harvard Hall. The province bore the expense of its erection in 1765. Its uses were manifold in the early days, and we find it mentioned as chapel, library and recitation hall. In the year 1775 while the American soldiers occupied the building, the students went to Concord, where studies were resumed. On that year no public commencement was held, degrees being conferred by a general diploma. One noticeable feature of this building is its belfry, where hangs the college bell, which summons the students to lectures. In former times attendance at morning prayers was compulsory, and this same bell also called the students to these early devotional exercises. Many devices were tried to prevent the bell ringing at the early morning hour, and many stories of adventures at midnight are told. One Thanksgiving the students were anxious to present a turkey to the bell-ringer, and thoughtfully hung it to the tongue of the bell, whence it was finally taken by its delighted recipient.



Harvard College Views.

Passing beyond these buildings we come into the quadrangle. Stately buildings form its surrounding walls, and within are the grand old elms which grow to such perfection in the college yard. This enclosure rises to especial importance on Class Day evening. Then hundreds of colored lanterns hang in festoons from tree to tree, the brilliant fires of different hues brighten the sombre buildings, and the whole scene becomes a fairy land, through which Fair Harvard's guests wander on their way to spreads and dancing. Music in the open air by the various organizations connected with the college is another feature of the occasion.

As we stand in the quadrangle facing the point of entry, we see another ancient brick building next to Harvard. This is Hollis Hall, built in 1763 and named for the family of Thomas Hollis, a London merchant who left a legacy to the college. Many noted names are associated with rooms in this building, among others being Ralph Waldo Emerson (5-15-20), Henry D. Thoreau (23-20-32-31) and Wendell Phillips (18-16-11).

Back of Hollis is Holden Chapel which was built in 1744 by Benjamin Coleman and named for another London family who befriended Harvard. For twenty-two years prayers were held here, but now for many years the building has been used for examinations and for a few recitations. The Holden coat-of-arms may still be seen on the western front, and a noteworthy fact about the building is that it stands to-day almost exactly as it was built so many years ago.

In the space enclosed by Holden, Hollis and Harvard stands the Class Day Tree, a fine old elm which has witnessed the scrambles of many a graduating class. At four o'clock, the loveliest

hour of the June afternoon, daintily gowned maids and matrons, forming a very enthusiastic and expectant audience, gather about the tree, which is encircled with a wreath of flowers at a distance of about eight feet from the ground. The air resounds with the class cheers of the undergraduates and alumni who form groups on the greensward. At five o'clock the senior class assemble in the quadrangle, presenting a very odd appearance in their motley garments, with coats reversed and costumes generally of ill-mated parts. With lusty cheers for the college buildings the strange procession marches to the tree. After everyone has cheered himself hoarse, after honor has been shown to the favorite professors, athletes, the college, the classes, the ladies, and the alumni, the rush for the flowers begins. Frantic are the struggles to get a trophy from the garland just out of reach. Individual efforts are not apt to be successful, for just when one is about to touch the wreath, dozens of hands are ready to drag him back. Then some concerted action is planned; a wedge, perhaps, is formed, with some agile champion raised on the shoulders of his classmates. Now he reaches the tree and, amidst the cheers of his supporters, tears away the flowers by handfuls, stuffing them into every available place about his clothing, and then, presenting a very humpy appearance, he is borne away to a place of safety where the treasured flowers may be distributed as precious souvenirs to fair admirers.

Next to Hollis is Stoughton, a brick dormitory, built in 1805. Many clubs formerly had quarters here, and here, also, were the student homes of such men as Edward Everett (23), Oliver Wendell Holmes (31), Charles Sumner (12) and Edward Everett Hale.

Gore Hall — The College Library.

At the northern end of the quadrangle stands Holworthy, a dormitory built in 1812, in part with money raised by a lottery. For many years this hall was devoted to the senior class, and it is along the front of Holworthy now, that, on Class Day evening, the year of the graduating class shines out in figures of light. One of the claims to distinction which Holworthy enjoys is that during his American tour some years ago, the Prince of Wales visited the hall, and left his picture as a memento of his visit.

On the eastern side of the quadrangle next to Holworthy is Thayer Hall, the largest dormitory in the yard, built in 1870 by Nathaniel Thayer of Boston.

The most prominent of the college buildings, because of its close connection with student life, comes next. University it is called, constructed of granite and completed in 1815, being the first stone building erected in the yard. The central portion was at one time used as a chapel, but now the building is devoted to lectures, and to the offices of the President, Dean, Secretary and Registrar. In the office of the President stands the ancient chair which was always used by him at commencement. Official notices are posted on the bulletin boards at the entrance and in the corridors.

South of University is Weld Hall, a dormitory of brick with freestone trimmings, a gift of William F. Weld, in memory of his brother.

The southern end of the quadrangle is formed by Gray's Hall, a dormitory built by the corporation and named for three generous friends of the University. It is built of brick with three granite tablets inscribed respectively with the dates 1636 and 1863, also the college seal.

Directly back of this dormitory, facing Harvard Square, is Wadsworth House, a wooden structure built in 1726 in colonial style, and for many years the home of the college presidents. Many celebrated persons have been entertained here, and it was at this house that General Washington had his headquarters before going to Cragie House. At present the building is used as a dormitory, while the brick addition in the rear contains the offices of the bursar and college printer.

Facing Weld on the opposite side of the quadrangle is Matthews, built in 1872 by Nathan Matthews of Boston.

Southwest of Matthews and facing the square stands Dane Hall, a gift in 1832 from Nathan Dane of Beverly, Mass. Until Austin Hall was built, this was devoted to the uses of the Law School. At present it is occupied by the Coöperative Society, headquarters for books and student's supplies, and contains one lecture room.

Passing from the quadrangle between Weld and Gray's we observe on the right a large granite building. This is Boylston Hall, the chemical laboratory, and was built in 1857. On the wall facing the street is a tablet which informs the reader that—

Here was the Homestead
of Thomas Hooker 1633–36
First Pastor at Newtown

Thomas Shepard 1636–49
Jonathan Mitchell 1650–68
First & Second Ministers of
the First Church of Cambridge

John Leverett 1696–1724
President of Harvard College

Edward Wigglesworth 1726–68
First Hollis Professor of Divinity &

Edward Wigglesworth 1765–94
Second Hollis Professor of Divinity

As we proceed on our walk Gore Hall, the Library, comes into view. This imposing granite structure was completed in 1841, a gift from

Appleton Chapel — Harvard College.

Christopher Gore. The original plan of the building was that of a Latin cross, having octagonal towers at the corners of the principal part. In 1876 an addition to the east was made for the book-stacks, and now further alterations are contemplated. The library here numbers 323,000 volumes, with as many pamphlets. This number does not include the volumes in the special libraries belonging to the various departments of the college. The entrance to the hall is on the south side, where one may see a small gilt cross, a trophy brought by the Massachusetts troops from the siege of Louisburg in 1745. In the original part of the building is the Art Room, containing many precious curiosities. In a glass case one may see the only book remaining from John Harvard's library, John Eliot's Indian Bible, Burns' "Scots wha hae" in the handwriting of the author, the autographs of many famous men, besides a death-mask of Oliver Cromwell, and a large collection of Roman coins. The great privilege of using this library is extended to those not connected with the University, and its doors are open every week day, except legal holidays, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. (2 P. M. during vacations).

As we leave the library, we may see the President's house on the elevated ground to the east. This building is of brick and was a gift to the college from Mr. Peter C. Brooks of Boston. The old mansion house in the corner, next to the one just mentioned, is known as the Dana homestead. In 1823 the family of Chief Justice Dana lived there, and after the cupola was added to it, astronomical observations were made here until the present Observatory was completed. The next family to occupy the house was that of Dr. A. P. Peabody

from which fact it is sometimes referred to as the Peabody House. At present it is the home of Professor Palmer and his charming wife, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, formerly President of Wellesley College.

Facing Quincy Square which lies to the south of the Dana House, stands two dormitories, outside the college yard and owned by private individuals. The more noticeable of the two is Beck Hall, named for the Latin Professor Charles Beck, and for many years considered the finest in its appointments as it surely was the most expensive of the dormitories. The broad front is rendered very attractive with bright window gardens, while the eastern side, overlooking the lawn, used for tennis and for Class Day spreads, is in its season richly decorated with the luxuriant *Ampelopsis veitchii*.

The other dormitory, Quincy Hall, named for this noted Massachusetts family, has been recently built, thus embodying all the improvements which have been made in buildings of this nature.

Within a short distance of Beck Hall, on Harvard street, stands Ware Hall, considered a model in its appointments for a dormitory. It is owned by private individuals.

Let us now continue our walk around the eastern extension of Gore Hall. We shall first come to Sever Hall, a magnificent lecture hall of brick with ornamental work in sandstone, a gift to Harvard from Mrs. Anne E. P. Sever. This is considered one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country. Heretofore the Fine Arts department of Harvard has been in Sever, where has been kept a collection of 2,500 photographs illustrative of what is best and most instructive in art. These will doubtless be removed to the new Art Museum, upon its completion.

Memorial Hall, Harvard College.

Appleton Chapel, to the west of Sever, will be easily recognized by its spire. The sandstone of which it is built was brought from Nova Scotia, and the chapel was completed in 1858. Here are held the religious services of the University, consisting of morning prayers, attendance not compulsory, vesper service on Thursday afternoons from November until May, and Sunday evening services. As the University is non-sectarian, preachers of all denominations officiate at these exercises. The chapel was formerly used for notable wedding and funeral ceremonies, the obsequies of Professor Louis Agassiz, the eminent geologist and teacher, having been performed here.

Next to the chapel is located the "William Hayes Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University," the latest addition to the buildings in the college yard. It is of stone, facing Cambridge street, and consists of two parts, the front portion with two stories for exhibition rooms, the rear part forming a semi-circular lecture hall. The purpose which this museum is to fulfil, as stated by the donor, is to furnish a place for the study and advancement of what is best in art. The exhibition space is necessarily limited, but, supplemented as it is by the resources of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, will amply justify the hopes of its founder.

Leaving the college yard by the North gateway, a gift from Mr. George von L. Meyer of Boston, in 1891, our attention is immediately attracted by the grand outlines of Memorial Hall, glimpses of which have been had many times during our previous walk. At the entrance let us pause a moment and glance at the curious, old, octagonal building of brick in the triangular plot of land opposite. This is the old gymnasium, built in 1860,

but long since outgrown for its original purpose, and now used for the engineering department of the Scientific School.

Now turning our attention to the imposing structure of brick and sandstone before us, with its graceful tower, one of the landmarks of Cambridge, and its beautiful windows of stained glass, we learn that it was built in 1874–6, through the generosity of the Harvard alumni. As a tablet on the right hand wall of this central or memorial portion informs us

This hall
Commemorates the patriotism
Of the Graduates and Students of this University
Who served in the army and navy of the United States
During the war for the preservation of the Union
And upon these tablets
Are inscribed the names of those among them
Who died in that service

Upon the walls of this main hall are the names of the honored dead, classed according to the departments in the college to which they belonged. Small crossed flags placed by the G. A. R. decorate each tablet, while various Latin selections, in praise of patriotism and valor, adorn the walls. The northern portion of the building is occupied by the dining hall, with accommodations for nearly one thousand persons, modelled after the English university halls. Light is admitted and softened by eighteen rich, stained glass windows, while the end wall is pierced by a handsome window of the same beautiful material, showing the seals of the University, the State and the United States. Every year the Commencement dinners take place here. In that part of the hall to the east we find Sanders' Theatre, named in honor of a college benefactor, Charles Sanders. The theatre is classical in plan,

Memorial Hall.

having an elevated stage, a semi-circular orchestra with aisles raying out from it, cutting the tiers of seats into wedge-shaped portions. Over the stage is a Latin inscription, of which we quote the following translation:—

Here in the wilderness
Did English exiles
In the year after the birth of Christ
The 1636th
And the 6th after the foundation of the colony
Believing that wisdom
Should first of all things be cultivated
By public enactment, found a school
And dedicate it to Christ and the Church.
Increased by the munificence of John Harvard,
Again and again assisted
By the friends of good learning
Not only here but abroad
And finally entrusted
To the care of its own children,
Brought safely through
From small beginnings to larger estate
By the care, and judgment, and forethought
Of Presidents, Fellows, Overseers and Faculty
All liberal arts
And public and private virtues
It has cultivated, it cultivates still

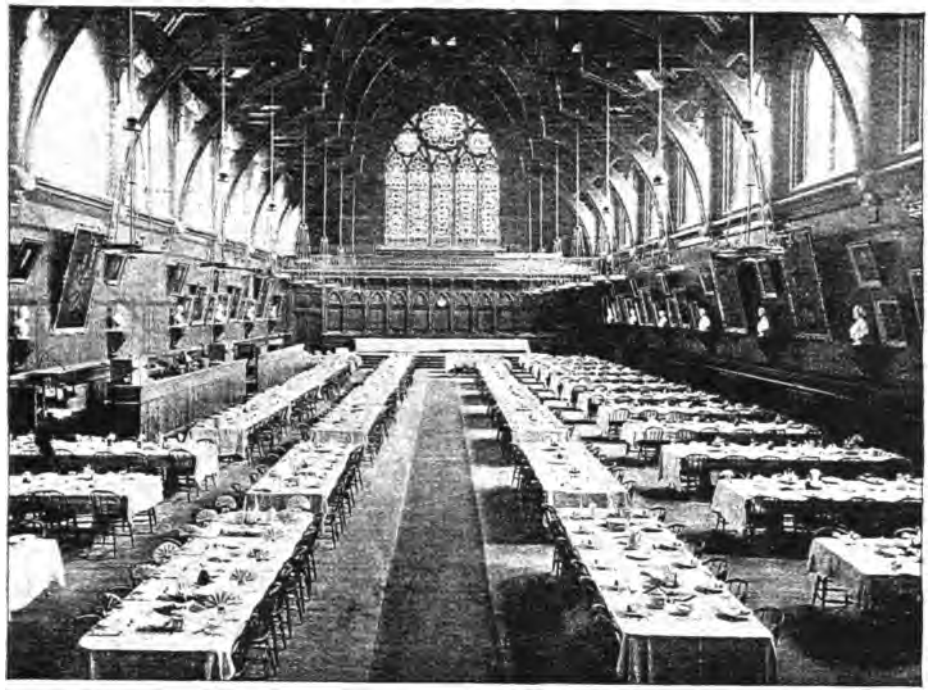
But they that be wise
Shall shine as the brightness of the firmament
And they that turn many to righteousness
As the stars for ever and ever

Several notable plays have been given here by the college men, such as the Greek tragedy "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, the Latin comedy "Phormio," by Terence, and Ben Jonson's old English drama, "Epicœne; or the Silent Woman." In each case as faithful a reproduction of these ancient performances as modern conditions would allow, was presented to the audience. Every year many lectures of great educational value are given here, and

in Sever Hall as well, by the professors of the University and other acknowledged leaders in their subjects. Concerts, too, by the various college musical clubs and by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, take place here. Memorial Hall is open to visitors at all times during the year.

As we leave the northeastern entrance to the hall, we find ourselves on Kirkland street, or "The Road to Charlestown," as it was known in Revolutionary times, the oldest highway in Cambridge. Turning to the west and following this street, we will look for a moment at the bronze statue of John Harvard. Through the generosity of General Samuel J. Bridge, we have here from the hands of the sculptor D. C. French, the face and figure of an English Puritan minister such as we may suppose the founder of the college to have possessed. Few facts concerning the life of John Harvard have come down to us. We know that he was a graduate from the English Cambridge University, for which reason the name of Newtowne was changed to Cambridge. After leaving England John Harvard settled in Charlestown, and at his death in 1638 left to the "colledge at Newetowne" his library and £500 in money. This noble act on his part determined forever the name and future of our University. The statue was unveiled October 15, 1884.

Continuing our walk and crossing Kirkland street, another group of college buildings comes into view. The first which we pass, a brick building, is the Lawrence Scientific School, the gift of Abbott Lawrence of Boston in 1848. Immediately back of this stands the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, built in 1884. This building is completely equipped with all the apparatus necessary for making the most delicate and accurate experiments in physics.



Dining Room — Memorial Hall.

The large brick structure with sandstone trimmings at the west of these two buildings is Hemenway Gymnasium where are to be found all the equipments connected with athletic exercise. The main hall is used for dancing on Class Day evening, and during vacation is open to visitors.

At the left of the gymnasium, more remote from the street, stands Austin Hall, better known as the Law School. A most impressive building it is, constructed of sandstone, with its arched entrance, showing the architect Richardson's work at its best. It was a most noble gift to Harvard from Edwin Austin. The library is at the left of the entrance, the rest of the building being devoted to lecture rooms. Forming a frieze on the front wall of the building we find these words, "And Thou Shalt Teach Them Ordinances and Laws and Shalt Shew Them The Way Wherein They Must Walk and The Work That They Must Do."

Northwest of Austin Hall may be seen a portion of Hastings Hall, a very fine dormitory recently built, which commands a view of Cambridge Common on the west, and at the east overlooks Holmes Field, one of Harvard's playgrounds. Here the great inter-collegiate games take place, and the stands have accommodations for 5,000 spectators.

Jarvis Field, another name associated with athletic sports at the University, although now wholly used for tennis, lies not far distant to the northwest. Through the generosity of Henry L. Higginson, Esquire, a third lot of land for athletic uses has been added to the college. Soldiers' Field, as it is called, lying on the other side of the Charles River, is yet easily accessible from the college.

Two dormitories in the vicinity in which we

find ourselves, still remain for mention. Built within the past year, they embody all that is best in buildings of this sort. The first, Perkins Hall, cornering upon Oxford street and Jarvis Field, is a gift from Mrs. Catharine P. Perkins, to commemorate three generations of Harvard graduates in her husband's family. The other, called Conant Hall, stands at the corner of Oxford and Everett streets and was given to the University by Edwin Conant.

SOME CAMBRIDGE LANDMARKS.

THE PEABODY MUSEUM.

THE AGASSIZ MUSEUM.

HARVARD OBSERVATORY.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

CLARK'S OBSERVATORY.

By Miss HENRIETTA S. LEAVITT.

The Peabody Museum.

IN one of the quietest corners of quiet Old Cambridge, on shady Divinity avenue, stand the two wings of what some day will be the great Harvard University museum. The Peabody Museum, and, farther up the street the Agassiz Museum, popularly so called, have now been standing for many years. At the rear of each, additions are occasionally built on, until now any passerby can see that the ultimate design is to unite the two museums in one great building.

The Peabody Museum may be called the laboratory of a new science. There is a sense in which all our modern science is new, yet most of the sciences have been pursued with some success since the Middle Ages. The study of anthropology in its different branches, however, was scarcely thought of until this century. History was a record of wars and kings and public events. We are but just beginning to realize that there is no study so interesting as that of man, especially in his social development.

Early in this century, some interest was manifested in discoveries of prehistoric human remains in Europe. In our own country, stone arrow heads turned up by the farmer's plough, and the pottery and other contents of the mysterious mounds in the Mississippi valleys awakened some curiosity. Collections were made; yet there was so little

general and intelligent interest in these remains, that in 1840 an excellent collection of articles made by the Mound-builders was suffered to pass into English hands.

Then a change took place. These relics became matter not only for curiosity-seekers, but for serious study. People began to recognize that a forgotten past might be partly restored through these fragments. We cannot know who were the kings of these people or what the results of their battles. We cannot know of their statesmen and political triumphs,—if so be that there were statesmen and politics among them. In short their history, in the old-fashioned sense, is sealed to us. What can we learn?

For one thing, we may learn something of the antiquity of man. If the geologist tells us that the gravel from which certain stone tools are dug was deposited a certain number of thousands of years ago, the man who made them must be of similar antiquity. Of course the geologist may be mistaken, and so our estimates of the age of man must be open to revision.

Again, we may find out something about the habits and skill of the people of these remote ages. We may watch the development of man from age to age, seeing how he gradually improves in manual skill and intellectual forethought. We may at some time be able to trace a race history through these broken relics of past ages.

Again, we may preserve the skeletons that are exhumed. These, especially the skulls, are valuable race indices. Perhaps we may be able to establish the continuity of some of these people with some modern races.

Wise men early in the century began to recognize

the value of the information hidden in what were generally regarded merely as curious relics. Collections were begun, but collectors were feeling their way, and hardly knew how to arrange or study their material.

In 1866, just at the most favorable time for beginning a thorough scientific work, George Peabody gave $150,000 for the establishment of a museum and professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology, in connection with Harvard University. Harvard was thus enabled to have a leading part in the new work. Of Mr. Peabody's gift, $60,000 was to be used for a building fund, and the rest was to be divided equally between a professorship and a museum fund.

In the early days of the Museum, articles were stored and exhibited in Boylston Hall. The first section of the present structure was built in 1875. Generous as was Mr. Peabody's gift, it was not nearly sufficient to have permitted the accomplishment of all that has been done. The building alone has cost more than twice the amount of the original building fund. Other generous gifts have been made, and volunteer assistants in the field have contributed valuable articles. Although the original building has twice been added to, great quantities of material are packed away out of sight. This is available for use by special students, but there is not room for it to be permanently exhibited.

One of the most interesting rooms in the Museum is the large lecture hall on the first floor, for students in archæology. On the walls hang many portraits in oil of Indian chiefs. In the cases around the edge is a somewhat diversified exhibition—masks from New Guinea, wax models of different tribes of Indians and Esquimaux, skeletons

of different races, implements of war and peace, articles used in religious ceremonies. These are mostly modern. There are photographs, too, of the places whence some of these came. Photographs, indeed, are a feature of this Museum. On every floor, in almost every room, are photographs of the regions represented. In the lecture hall, also, is a model of the serpent mound of Hamilton County, Ohio, which belongs to the Peabody Museum. It was purchased with a special gift of $8,000, and is kept as a park, while explorations are carried on in the vicinity.

The entrance to the lecture hall is guarded by two carved and weather-beaten stone idols from Yucatan. Just inside the door is a cast of an Assyrian relief dating back to the ninth century B. C. This latter properly belongs in the room overhead, where the Semitic department of the University has a fine collection of Assyrian and other Eastern casts and remains. By courtesy, this collection is given a place in the Peabody Museum, until a place of its own can be provided.

It is for the study of American archæology and Ethnology that the Peabody Museum is maintained. Especial attention is given to North American tribes, although articles from Central and South America are welcomed. For the study of the race history of our own continent, it is desirable, even necessary, to have articles for comparison from other parts of the world. Antiquities from any source are welcome if only they are properly verified. Articles illustrating modern life among the uncivilized and partly civilized peoples of the East are also received.

It would not be desirable here to catalogue the curious, interesting and instructive exhibitions

which have been so skilfully displayed in the different rooms. Rather let us notice here the principles upon which the exhibits are arranged.

Objects are placed in the cases in strict geographical order and the modern is separated from the ancient. The labels give account of the date and circumstances of finding the different articles, and photographs of the regions to which they belong are near at hand. Anyone can go and study for himself in these carefully arranged rooms. If the articles on exhibition are not numerous enough, the reserve stores, also carefully arranged and labelled, may be examined by the student. The study of these relics has only begun. What we have is incompletely understood, and many gaps remain to be filled by future discoveries.

Go from room to room and from floor to floor, and see for yourself the suggestions as to mode of living and religion given by the long buried articles now opened to the light. Study the mound-builders and the cliff-dwellers and other early inhabitants of our land, through their handiwork now revealed. Examine their tools, their weapons, their pottery. Then look at the illustrations of modern Indian life—the clothing, tools, religious articles, domestic utensils. How do the tribes differ from one another? What points of resemblance can be discovered between modern and ancient? Are there any indications of continuity of race? Can signs be found of their connection with any other tribes in other parts of the world?

Examine the foreign collections, ancient and modern, and draw your own conclusions. They may be crude; in many instances, probably, they will be incorrect, for you have been making a hasty survey where long and patient study is re-

quired for the attainment of any sound results. But as you try to form some conclusions for youself, you will realize what an amount of interesting material is already owned and systematized by the Museum.

You may despair, after a short trial, of finding correct answers for your scientific problems. At least you can enjoy standing by the broken, but bright-colored and graceful, often fantastic, shapes of Mexican and Peruvian pottery. It will recall strongly what you have read of the magnificence of those old empires. You may wonder at the perseverance and ingenuity of palæolithic man, as you look at his stone weapons and tools, or examine the millstones which ground maize perhaps thousands of years before America was "discovered."

You will leave the Museum richer and wiser. You will have a new respect for those ancient peoples who differed from ourselves, not so much in native ability as in that endowment of knowledge and experience which has accumulated for us during thousands of generations. You will be prepared to follow with new interest the researches of the men and women who are giving their lives to this study. It is a difficult and complicated subject, but the material now being gathered and preserved will inevitably lead to a great expansion of our present knowledge.

The Grave of Agassiz.

The Agassiz Museum.

MANY pilgrims go out to Mount Auburn, "the Westminster Abbey of America," and few of them fail to stop and pay their tribute of respect before the tomb of Agassiz. There is a nobler monument to the great scientist, however, than even that noble tomb. His name and life work are perpetuated in the great museum which he established at Harvard University. Daily his name is on the lips of scores of people as they speak of the "Agassiz Museum," and they can scarcely pronounce it without a sort of reverence. The legal name of the institution is "The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy." In his modesty the great scientist did not wish to have it called by his name, but the people cannot be controlled by this wish of his, and probably they will always call it the Agassiz Museum.

During Agassiz' long Cambridge life of early poverty and tardy success, the people were watching him with ever increasing affection. They marvelled at the fossils and other specimens which overran his house when he scarcely possessed the ordinary comforts of life. After these specimens had been removed to an old boat-house down by the river, they took note of the hours he spent there, arranging them. Then, too, the public heard his marvellous lectures at the Lowell Institute. He brought home the deep facts of science to their

untrained understandings. They recognized his enthusiasm and his genius, and loved him accordingly.

Professor Agassiz's interest in his collection for its own sake, and especially for its educational value, was absorbing. While it was in the boat-house, and later when it filled a large old wooden building near the college, he could hardly rest for fear of fire or other accident which might so easily destroy it. Most of his time was devoted to it. Nearly all his money was expended upon it. In "Louis Agassiz: His Life and Correspondence," his wife quotes him as exclaiming during an illness:—

"O my Museum! my Museum! always uppermost by day and by night, in health and in sickness, always—always!"

It must be remembered that by his own efforts he had gathered a great collection; with his own money he was caring for it, and such care is costly. His private life was a constant struggle with the poverty thus voluntarily incurred.

But better days were to dawn. Financial burdens were lightened by the very successful school for girls opened by his wife. In this school he himself took delight in giving the young women their instruction in science.

At last, in 1858, he knew the relief of having his burden shared. Mr. Francis C. Gray left $50,000 for a "Museum of Comparative Zöology," to be established at Harvard. Land was at once given by the University, aid was granted by legislature and over $70,000 was subscribed by citizens. Now a suitable building could be erected and there were pecuniary resources sufficient to care for his beloved specimens.

Although Agassiz was permitted to see only the

beginning of the new institution, it has probably developed nearly as it would have done had he lived to direct it himself. He had gathered and trained his own assistants and they were thoroughly competent to carry out his instructions. Most fortunately his son was well acquainted with his designs and interested to carry them to completion. He has been curator of the Museum since his father's death and by his oversight and generosity has done much to bring it to its present rank among the foremost of the great museums.

The first room one enters in the Museum is the realization of a favorite plan of Agassiz. He wanted a "Synoptic Room" set apart for a general view of the field of zoölogy. Here is shown the transition from the earliest fossil life, through vertebrates, to man. Only a few representative forms are displayed, and so one can see almost at a glance the relations of different orders of beings. It is a brief history of the animal kingdom from its first appearance. This room is apart from all other exhibits, and is, for the popular taste perhaps, the most instructive portion of the Museum.

The bulk of the vast collection is arranged in many connecting rooms, to illustrate, according to the plan of Agassiz, "succession in time and distribution in space" of the forms of life. In one direction, several rooms contain the more primitive forms of life—the earliest known species and their humble cousins of the present day. In the other direction one finds the higher animals. Here are casts of extinct antediluvian forms with unpronounceable names, spreading out their huge skeletons. From the ceiling hang the bones of whales and sharks. Elephants and rhinoceri, game oxen and bisons, almost startle one by their powerful, life-

like appearance behind their glass cages. Small animals are not forgotten, and there are rooms full of birds, reptiles and insects. Every part of the animal kingdom is richly illustrated.

In one room is an interesting collection of bones of different parts of the body compared in different species. In the same room are casts of the brain and other organs of man and the higher animals. On the walls of this room, and of other rooms, are pictures, mostly photographs of regions geologically interesting. In rooms closed to the public are laboratories, with abundance of specimens to be studied and if necessary destroyed. Agassiz took especial pains to have duplicates, as many as possible, in order to permit the destruction of specimens for purposes of research.

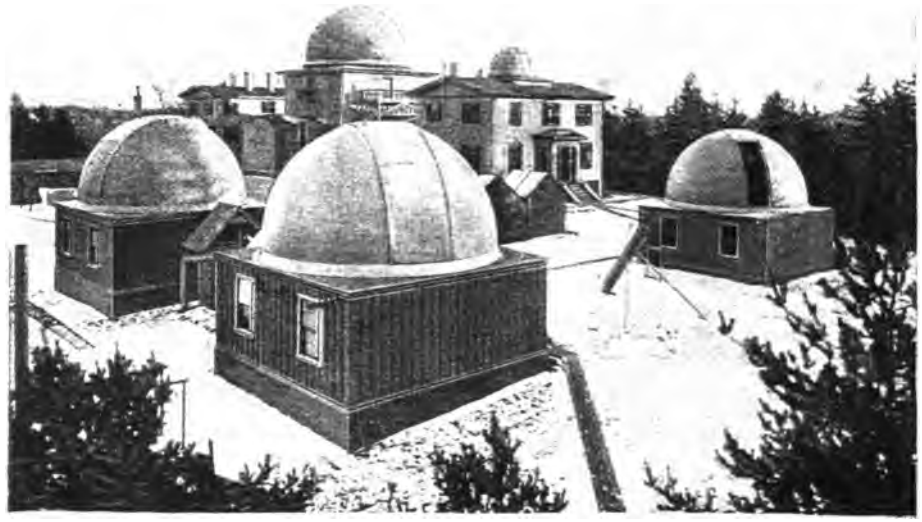
After going from room to room and from gallery to gallery, and seeing the crowded cases, one begins to appreciate in a degree the labor which has been expended upon the Museum, and learns to honor the memory of Agassiz more even than by the tomb in sacred Mount Auburn.

From the Agassiz Museum proper, one passes into the Botanical and Mineralogical Museums. These occupy sections of the University Museum building adjoining the Zoölogical Museum. The mineralogical exhibition is extensive and interesting. The Botanical Museum consists mainly of the Blatscha glass flowers. These are imitations of flowers so exact that in most cases it is almost impossible to believe that they are not real. The glass is made to imitate the minutest variations of texture and color in different flowers. Along with each flower, mounted on the same card, are magnified models of the different parts. The study of botany is thus made easy. The method of manu-

facture was a secret with Rudolph and Leopold Blatscha, father and son, the makers—or artists, as they may well be called. They must be scientists as well, and be accurate in the slightest details. The father died recently, but fortunately the son can carry on the work.

The Botanical Museum also contains an interesting exhibit of the industrial uses of many plants. Sugar and other food products, hemp—natural and manufactured—vegetable ivory, different kinds of woods for cabinet making and many more useful products are illustrated. Of course all this is only a part of what Harvard has to offer botanical students. The extensive Herbarium and Botanical Gardens have a place of their own and are described elsewhere.

With the mineralogical collection, a little farther on, the end of the building is reached. Probably the time is not far distant when that other wing, the Peabody Museum, will be met and joined by further building. Then one can travel under one roof over the vast space and many departments of the University Museum.



The Observatory — Harvard College.

Harvard Observatory.

NO department of Harvard University is more worthy of its pride than the Astronomical Observatory. Founded only fifty-five years ago, it has from the beginning been one of the foremost contributors to the marvellous growth of astronomical science during the latter half of this century.

Its beginning was humble. The fine old house on the corner of Harvard and Quincy streets, lately the home of Dr. A. P. Peabody and now occupied by Professor Palmer, was its first headquarters. The round cupola on top is a relic of this period, for it was built to support an astronomical dome to shelter the small telescope then used. The first recorded observation was on the evening of December 31, 1839. The first director, Professor W. C. Bond, was appointed the following February.

Professor Bond and his assistants worked enthusiastically with such resources as they could command. The Observatory might have struggled long with its inferior equipment, for it had aroused no popular interest, such as is necessary in order to secure funds for any costly enterprise. But when the great comet of 1843 appeared and frightened the ignorant, it proved a harbinger of good for the industrious little observatory. Everybody's curiosity was aroused. People regretted that at Cambridge there was no instrument of sufficient power to study it and other heavenly bodies to ad-

vantage. Accordingly a meeting of prominent men was called in Boston, with the result that sufficient money was raised to purchase a telescope of the largest size. In August of that very year work was begun on the foundations of the great stone pier on which such a telescope must be supported; and from that day to this, the Observatory has not lacked the best of modern equipments.

It was an exciting day when the completed telescope was mounted on Observatory Hill. It was the largest refracting telescope in the world save one. That other one was of the same aperture (fifteen inches) and had been ordered at the same time with ours for the observatory at Pulkowa. In these days telescopes of twenty-five inches and over are not uncommon. Our fifteen inch instrument would look like a pigmy by the side of the forty inch Yerkes telescope. Yet even at the present day the Harvard instrument is remarkably fine. Its clearness and defining power are unusual, and for delicate work requiring great accuracy it is unsurpassed.

Let us, in imagination, make a visit to the Observatory. We can go past its back door on the electric cars, for this locality, once so retired, has been invaded by the trolley, and only the thick hedge of evergreen trees prevents serious embarrassment from the electric lights. Our pleasanter way will be to leave the car at Garden street and walk up the hill under the grateful shade of magnificent old trees. We have the grounds on our left for some time before we reach the entrance. Inside, we find it like a park. Still walking up hill we approach the Observatory, in front of which is the pleasant home of Professor Pickering, the director.

Above and behind towers the great dome. Near

by is a smaller dome. Off to the right is a substantial brick building evidently belonging to the observatory; and on reaching the top of the hill we see that behind, in the back yard so to speak, is a little cluster of domes, each surmounting a tiny building of its own.

Of course our first desire is to see the large telescope, around whose pier the building was originally raised as a shelter. After climbing a few stairs, we find ourselves in a large circular room. Walls and ceiling are joined in one great curve,—in fact, they form the dome. This dome can be revolved on its "ball-bearings," spheres of bronze which run in a circular track around the edge of the room. We do not notice this at once, however, for in front of us rises the magic instrument. It is a ponderous mass, and we question whether so great a weight can be controlled conveniently; but we find that it moves at a touch.

There are certain difficulties in the use of so large a telescope, even if it is thus easily handled. In a large telescope, the apparent motion of the stars is so magnified that those at any distance from the pole seem fairly to rush across the field of view. Add to this the fact that the field of a large telescope is very small, and Professor Simon Newcomb may be understood when he says that with a telescope and nothing else one might spend a whole winter evening looking for Sirius, and on finding him, lose him at once and irrevocably. This difficulty of finding and keeping stars is obviated by the "equatorial" mounting, as well as by the "finders," telescopes of low power and large field attached to the tube. When a star is found, the instrument can be clamped so that it can be moved only in one direction—that of the star's apparent

motion. As fast as the star leaves the field, therefore, a touch of the instrument will bring it into view again.

Obviously, however, if the star's apparent motion were very great, it would take most of the observer's attention to keep it in the field. Any refined observation would thus be rendered impossible. To remedy this difficulty, clock work is attached to the instrument. This is so arranged that the motion of the telescope is exactly equal and opposite to that of the earth in rotation. The observer is thus enabled to study and measure at his leisure, without a thought but that instrument and star are alike stationary.

When equipped with the best of mounting and the most perfect of clock work, with stable foundations and adequate protection from the weather, the telescope might seem complete. But it is poised thirteen feet above the floor. The eye piece has a sweep of ninety degrees and is far out of reach most of the time. Without some means of getting to it, the instrument would be practically useless. It was for Professor Bond to meet this difficulty, and he devised the observing chair which is still in use. In appearance it is rather a formidable looking piece of machinery, but it is simple in use. By its means the observer can convey himself easily and rapidly to any desired part of the dome.

It may be well for us to remind ourselves that an astronomer would consider it a waste of time simply to sit and look through the tube of the telescope. Unless he wants a half hour's amusement, he will attach to it one of the little instruments which are shown us, for measuring minute distances and angles, or for measuring or analyzing light.

The Harvard telescope is much used for measur-

ing the comparative light of stars, or other heavenly bodies. Photometry, as it is called, is a specialty at the Harvard Observatory. Many photometers have been devised here, each adapted to some particular kind of work. A large variety of these is used with the large telescope. If none of the photometers in use seems to be exactly what is wanted for a particular piece of work, Professor Pickering or one of the staff invents a new one. The first one made was called A, and for a long time each new one received the succeeding letter, until the alphabet was exhausted. Now there is no special designation.

There is another instrument much used with the great telescope and that is the micrometer. This is a device for measuring very small distances and is much used in the study of double stars.

Before leaving the dome, we must read the list of donors printed on the walls. We ought also to step out on the balconies from which we have a fine view of Cambridge and surrounding towns by day, and by night an unobstructed view of the heavens.

Down stairs is another instrument of the very greatest importance,—the meridian circle. This is a telescope of fair size, large we should say if we had not just come from the fifteen inch equatorial. Its peculiarity is in the mounting. It turns on a rod pointing east and west, the ends of which are supported on heavy stone piers. It can therefore revolve freely in the plane of the meridian. Any star may be observed just as it crosses the meridian, but at no other time. Attached to the instrument is a large circle, very delicately graduated. The exact angle at which the telescope is turned to observe any star, is shown on this circle. Thus the star's height above the horizon is obtained, and

from this is obtained directly the declination, or distance from the celestial equator. The time of a star's transit is signalled, by means of an electric transmitter in the operator's hand, to a chronograph which records the beats of the astronomical clock in the basement. This chronograph was invented by Professor Bond and was very quickly adopted in other observatories. The time observed gives the star's right ascension which corresponds to terrestrial longitude, as declination does to terrestrial latitude.

The meridian circle is the most accurate means of obtaining the exact position of stars. These positions are recorded in the star catalogue. It is also the most accurate means of obtaining true time. Until very recently Boston obtained its true noon from this observatory. Now, however, the time is telegraphed daily from the observatory at Washington, and the Harvard time service has been discontinued.

A beautiful little brass instrument in the same room, not more than three feet high, is a transit instrument made in Russia. It can be used, like the meridian circle, for obtaining the time of meridian transit of stars, but not for declinations, as there is no circle attached to it.

The astronomical clock is in the basement, and is interesting to look at with its three dials, one for each of the three hands. It is regulated to sidereal time; that is, it makes its round of twenty-four hours between two successive passages of the same star over the meridian, thus gaining about four minutes a day over solar time. This clock is, perhaps, the most important instrument in the observatory, for it is essential to the proper use of nearly all the other instruments. A fine new clock

has been presented to the Observatory recently which will undoubtedly make some of the work easier, possibly even more accurate.

On our way out of this building we must step into the library for a moment. Here are between seven and eight thousand bound volumes and nearly ten thousand pamphlets. A considerable proportion of these books and pamphlets contain records of observations made at different times all over the world. The Harvard Annals alone fill a long row of thick quarto volumes. Those dry looking pages of statistics contain many interesting secrets for future discovery.

Now let us see what are the other buildings. A good sized wooden house at a little distance, serves as a shop, and there are a number of small buildings scattered about, most of them domed. Most of these contain photographic instruments. Off to the right, a little way down the slope, is a brick building used for the storage and examination of photographic plates.

Within a few years, photography of the heavens has come to have a leading place as a means of astronomical reseach. At Harvard, several telescopes are kept busy with photographic work. The advantages of this method are obvious. Unlike the human eye, so soon wearied, the photographic plate sees the more, the longer it is exposed. There is reason to believe that if a telescope could be kept pointed night and day, with perfect accuracy, upon any source of light anywhere in the universe, it would finally record it on the sensitive plate.

Nearly all kinds of astronomical work usually accomplished by visual observations can be done more or less admirably, or can be assisted greatly, by the photographic telescope. For instance, the

comparative light of stars can be studied from photographic plates. The meridian photometer is an ingenious device for doing this in the most convenient manner, and the results are surprisingly accurate.

Again, photography is an easy means of obtaining excellent charts of the heavens. These photographic telescopes bring into view stars that cannot be seen by the eye, even with the most powerful telescopes. Thus we have a record of every star in the heavens, down to the faintest of which we can be made aware. The positions of the stars cannot be so accurately determined by these charts as by the meridian circle. But they are accurate enough for some purposes and, what is most important, they give us a record of thousands of stars that never could have been observed singly. The plates of the same region taken with the same telescope at different times may be compared and any changes noted. The new star in Auriga, which drew so much attention two years ago, was found to have printed itself upon one of the Harvard plates weeks before its discovery.

One of the most important uses of photography is in spectrum analysis. It is by means of the spectroscope that the most important advances in modern astronomy have been made. The rainbow-colored band, crossed by its tale-telling black or bright lines, has let us into the physical secrets of other worlds to a marvellous extent. Here at Harvard the spectra are photographed by placing a prism in front of the object glass of a photographic telescope. Of course the prismatic hues are not reproduced on the plate, but the lines are very distinctly marked, and can be studied at leisure.

The most interesting of all the photographic tele-

scopes is the new Bruce telescope. This has an aperture of twenty-four inches, and is the largest photographic telescope yet made. The glass is by Alvan Clark of our city. This telescope has been in use now for more than a year, and it reveals stars that never have been seen by the eye, even in the largest telescopes.

It is designed to send the Bruce telescope, eventually, to the station at Arequipa, Peru. This station is an integral part of Harvard Observatory. Situated high in the Andes, it possesses unrivalled meteorological advantages. The air is wonderfully clear and pure. Add to these natural advantages the fact that it is almost the only observatory in the southern hemisphere, and its importance will be appreciated. The Bruce telescope will be an important addition to its facilities.

The photographs are stored in a commodious building where a gifted woman, Mrs. Fleming, with her assistants examines the plates. She is in charge of this branch of the work at the Observatory, and publishes frequent articles in the astronomical journals.

We have not seen everything there is at the Observatory, but we have seen what is most interesting and important in the equipment. If it is one of the long summer afternoons and we have made an early start, there will still be time to go over to the Botanic Gardens, which lie just across the street, almost under the shadow of the great dome.

The Botanic Garden.

INSTEAD of being hidden from curious eyes by a thick hedge of trees within the fence, like the Observatory, the Botanic Garden lies open for everybody to look in upon as they pass; and on the gate at the top of the hill, the stranger finds printed an invitation to enter.

The Garden has, seemingly, a more intimate connection than has the Observatory with Harvard College. The professors at the Observatory rarely give courses at the college. The work is too exacting to leave the professors much time to teach. Those few fine instruments have too great value for pure scientific work to allow them to be much used as mediums of instruction or amusement. At the Botanical Garden, however, the college students are to be seen frequently, and the professors give courses at the college.

Primarily, of course, the Garden exists for scientific research. It was begun in 1801 by Professor Peck, and has been under careful management ever since. Now it is an excellent collection of plants from all over the world, systematically arranged, and carefully labelled. Many rare plants are included in the collection. Rare and beautiful trees, too, are scattered here and there. A considerable tract of land has been set aside recently for an American Garden. Here are arranged American wild plants. This is not by any means completed, but

it is hoped eventually to have a tolerably complete collection of the native plants of America.

In the hothouses are gathered a profusion of rare tropical plants. Strange blooms meet the eye everywhere, and there is a wealth of color. Here are orchids in beautiful or fantastic shapes; and cacti, their dainty, rich-colored, fragile blossoms contrasting strangely with the prickly, forbidding foliage. Here are beautiful palms, reaching to the top of the high arched ceiling, and graceful ferns, rivalling the palms for size and beauty. New plants and trees are frequently received. Sometimes it is a matter of difficulty to keep them alive. A new tree fern has arrived recently from Australia, absolutely bare of foliage; yet it is hoped to make it live and flourish in its new surroundings.

Harvard has other resources for the study of botany. Important and valuable as is the Botanical Garden, the Herbarium, in the hands of a skilful botanist, who alone is competent to use it, is much more valuable, because more complete. A good library, too, is an essential for thorough work in botany. Harvard is fortunate in having perhaps the best herbarium in existence, together with one of the finest botanical libraries in the country. Both library and Herbarium are a legacy from Dr. Asa Gray.

Dr. Gray began his herbarium in early life. During his service at Harvard he occupied the large house within the Garden at the top of the hill, still the home of Mrs. Gray. Roomy though the house was, it became overrun with pressed flowers. Closets and drawers were full. Even in the dining room stood cabinets filled with the precious sheets.

It was to meet the need of a better storage place that in 1861 Mr. Thayer of Lancaster, Massa-

chusetts, gave the present convenient herbarium building. It is a substantial structure of brick, and fills the space between the hothouses and Mrs. Gray's residence. Within is ample room for the herbarium, and also for the library.

On entering the herbarium building, one comes first to the large room where, in cabinets all about the walls, the specimens are arranged in their proper order. Here assistants are working all the time, for the herbarium is a busy place. Specimens are continually being received, with requests for identification. These must be examined, and if new must be pressed, mounted, named and given their proper place in the collection. There may be also an advanced student or two working here within easy reach of herbarium and library. There may be botanists from distant parts of the country who are here for days and perhaps weeks, working in these favorable surroundings.

The room adjoining the herbarium holds the library. Here are collected many rare books and pamphlets, some almost unique. It was originally Dr. Gray's private library, and he started it so early that he was able to secure many publications now exceedingly rare. A Flora of Greece like one in this library sold recently for eight hundred dollars, and this work is no more rare or valuable than several others to be found here.

Some of the books are artistic treasures. One in particular, *Flora Danica*, is beautiful enough for a modern art book. This is in eighteen folio volumes, descriptive or rather illustrative, of the flora of northern Europe. The difficulty of the task accomplished in it is indicated by the fact that it was one hundred years in being published. Every page contains a perfect reproduction in color of every

part of some plant—flower, leafage, roots. The work is so natural that one seems to be looking at the real flower. Each picture is accompanied by the botanical description. Indeed this book is a sort of more beautiful and less perishable herbarium of the region it covers.

One of the treasured books of the library is a botanical treatise by Goethe, with the great writer's name on the fly leaf. Mrs. Gray is arranging a large collection of autographs, which when finished will be paced, probably, in the library. One autograph is that of Linnæus. Another is an autograph letter written with regard to the purchase of land when the Botanical Garden was started, in 1801.

At one end of the library room is a collection of interesting relics. Here is an inkstand which was used constantly by Professor Gray. He had asked Sir Joseph Hooker, the English botanist, for something that had belonged to George Bentham, and Hooker gave him this inkstand, which had been long used by Bentham. Near this are Dr. Gray's dissecting microscopes, and the trowel he used in his field work. This was given him by his tutor, Dr. Torrey, who had himself used it. Close by is a seal made by Dr. Peck, the founder of the Garden, and intended for official use. Some quaint little portraits of botanists hang near.

There is a remarkable collection of portraits at the Herbarium. This, too, was Dr. Gray's private collection. There are portraits of nearly all of the older generation of botanists, including one of Jussieu, and two of Linnæus. One of the latter is an oil painting, done expressly for Dr. Gray by an artist who knew Linnæus. Dr. Gray himself is represented by portrait and bust.

Clark's Observatory.

DOWN near the Charles River, a person about to cross the old Brookline bridge spies through the trees what looks like an astronomical dome. Old citizens of Cambridge regard it with pride, and speak of it as "Clark's Observatory." It marks the site of the world-renowned telescope factory of Alvan Clark and Sons.

The story of its beginning is romantic. Mr. Alvan Clark was known in early life as a successful miniature painter. His son, George B. Clark, became a student at Phillips Academy, Andover. The dinner bell broke, and the boy obtained the fragments. Taking them home, he melted down the metal over the kitchen fire, with the avowed intention of making a telescope. His father found out what he was doing, and was glad to give him a helping hand. The two succeeded in making a good reflecting telescope. They became so much interested in the work, that they made other reflectors together, and attained considerable skill.

Then it occurred to them to try to make lenses for a refracting telescope. There was no firm, in this country or in England, which undertook to grind astronomical lenses. The twin fifteen-inch telescopes at Harvard and Pulkowa Observatories, then the largest in the world, had been made in Germany, and it was hardly expected that they would be surpassed. The grinding even of small

object glasses is a difficult art which, at that time, had been lost in England, and had never been attempted in America. Notwithstanding the inherent difficulty of the task, increased many fold by the lack of teachers, the father and son worked away undaunted. At last they produced a four-inch telescope so good that Mr. Clark asked permission to exhibit it to Professor Bond at Harvard Observatory. The exhibition was a failure, not from any defect in the glass, but because it was not suitably mounted. Mr. Clark found means of correcting the difficulty, but his merit remained unrecognized for many years. American observatories ordered their instruments from Germany, not dreaming that their wants could have been supplied by a master here at home.

It was an English amateur astronomer, Rev. W. R. Dawes, who first appreciated the skill of the Clarks and brought them into notice. He found their glasses to be of remarkably fine quality, and began to give them orders. They made several telescopes for him, and as he was known to be an unusually good judge of telescopes, this attracted attention, and Mr. Clark obtained a tardy recognition in his own country.

His first large order was for an eighteen and one-half inch glass for the University of Mississippi. This was three and one-half inches greater than the lens of the Harvard telescope, which had remained unsurpassed for twenty years. In spite of the skill of Mr. Clark, the order could not have been filled, but for his good fortune in obtaining glass discs of the requisite size and purity. The casting of optical glass is a delicate and difficult art, and there are but one or two firms in the world capable of producing discs of large size. After a long

wait for the glass, the telescope was begun and successfully completed. Before it left the workshop of the Clarks it made them famous by their discovery, through it, of the companion star of Sirius. For this, as the most interesting discovery of the year, the French Academy of Sciences awarded Mr. Clark the Lalande medal. The telescope was finished in 1863, but did not go to Mississippi on account of the breaking out of the Civil War. Instead, it was sold to a private association in Chicago.

From that time the size of the aperture of telescopes has steadily increased. The Clarks have several times been privileged to have in their workshop glasses larger than any before made. One of the best known of these is the twenty-six inch glass now at the National Observatory in Washington. This, with its twin, made at the same time and sold into private hands, long held the place of the largest telescope in the world. It was completed in 1873. Again and again, however, this aperture was exceeded until the famous Lick telescope aroused the extraordinary popular interest of a few years ago. The Lick telescope is of thirty-six inches aperture, and promised to hold the first place for many years. But the new Chicago University wants to be first in everything, and so of course wishes to own the largest telescope in the world. The man has been found to make the princely gift, and now (1895) the object glasses for the forty-inch Yerkes telescope are lying nearly finished in Mr. Clark's workshop. Cambridge people have come to feel that if a telescope of extraordinary proportions is to be made, of course it must have its lenses ground at Clark's.

A visit to the modest shop where all this work has been done, is full of interest. Everything is

for use, not for show, and there is no attempt to make any tool finer than it need be to meet its purpose. But everything is exactly adapted to its purpose. Almost every stage of telescope making may be seen here usually, from the rough discs to the finished instrument; though at any particular time, some stages of progress may not be exemplified, for telescopes are not turned off by thousands, like boots and shoes.

The discs for the lenses come from the manufacturers in flat, square plates of such thickness and diameter as may be needed for telescopes of given sizes. The surface is not polished, save at two places on the edges, through which one can look into the glass and out across its greatest diameter. So perfect is the clearness, that a thickness of several inches does not seem to obstruct the sight any more than so much air. Mr. Clark, however, does not accept it as perfect because of this apparent clearness. Every disc of optical glass is subjected to numerous tests before being pronounced suitable for use. Flaws that could not be discovered by the eye are searched for with ingenious instruments. Very large discs are not sent in this rough, square form, but are rounded and polished over the whole surface. These come very carefully packed, as well they may, for the discs alone, before they have been touched by Mr. Clark, are, when large, worth thousands of dollars.

After testing the purity of the glass, the first process is the grinding. This is begun with very coarse stone and sand until an approximately correct shape is reached. Then emery of finer and finer quality is used, until the shape is as perfect as it can be made by computation. Then the polishing is quickly done, and the lens is apparently

finished. But it is only begun. The larger part of the work is yet to be done. A perfect object glass cannot be made by theory; it must be tested over and over again. The first tests show the principal defects, which are remedied as they are discovered. Then the process becomes increasingly delicate. Every part of the lens is tested by ingenious devices, and minute corrections are made. After months of this sort of work, the glass may be tried out of doors in a temporary frame. Then more corrections follow. As long as Mr. Clark has a telescope in the shop he feels he can do something to improve it. At this writing, the object glasses for the Yerkes telescope have been practically done for more than a year, yet Mr. Clark expects to keep them for several months still, making final minute corrections. Of course a small lens can be made in a much shorter time.

The nervous strain of making a large object glass is severe. Mr. Clark is not sure that he would undertake to exceed the forty-inch glass, if he should be asked. He certainly would refuse unless allowed a voice in the selection of the place where it should be mounted. The finest of glasses would be of little use, unless suitably mounted. Indeed, the larger and finer the glass, the more imperative is a good mounting. So the manufacture of mountings is a very important part of Mr. Clark's business. A large space is given up to this, and one soon discovers that in its way the work is as delicate as the grinding of the lenses. No ordinary machinery or labor can be employed. Microscopical accuracy must be observed in every part.

After looking at the different processes in the manufacture of a telescope, the visitor may be fortunate enough to see a complete telescope mounted

before sending to the purchaser. Its value and beauty are likely to be appreciated as would hardly have been possible before understanding something of the long, and delicate, and complicated processes of its manufacture. Soon it will be taken apart, packed carefully, and shipped to a place perhaps thousands of miles distant. Other telescopes are in process of manufacture, and will in turn be sent to places near and remote. So the unpretentious work-shop supplements the great Observatory, in making Cambridge one of the scientific centres of the world.

THE CRAGIE HOUSE.

*Washington's Headquarters and Longfellow's Home.**

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

BEHOLD! a double glory resteth here,
Wherein was housed in Revolution's time
A man who while a king refused a throne,
Save in his country's grateful heart alone;
And who by singleness of soul sublime
Has made his name to every people dear.

And he who wore the poet's anadem
Kept the old relics in their primal place,
Reviving yet the age of Washington:
Poet and statesman — how their fate is one
In greatness, goodness, and a world's embrace,
Though time and genius widely parted them.

A reverent love has kept the olden pile
Almost untouched by innovating hands;
Nor has Art stinted Nature,— here she lies
In ancient ampleness to bless the eyes.
Beyond are spread the open meadow-lands
That stretch away to catch the river's smile.

From massive clumps of lofty lilac trees
Pours forth the searching fragrance of the spring,
Greeting the sense, while yet unseen the source;
And when the summer's glow hath spent its force,
And birds no more in elms and lindens sing,
Millions of winy leaves inflame the breeze.

And winter holds here an unwonted sway;
The towering trees with honors long since dead,
And charged with snows, still leave the fancy warm
To feel that Time's or Nature's chilling storm
By Fame eternal shall be buffeted,
Nor vital greatness suffer cold decay.

But let the pilgrim come what time he will,
Here is evoked Thought's majesty of mood;
Here she moves on with slow, imperial gait,
Since two such Presences upon her wait.
Lo! Past and Present mix,— a mighty flood
Beside whose stately flow the lips grow still.

* Revised slightly from its original, in "Risk and Other Poems," 1879.

SWEET AUBURN AND MOUNT AUBURN.

Sweet Auburn and Mount Auburn.

By Mrs. CAROLINE F. ORNE.

UNDER these two names—Sweet Auburn and Mount Auburn—have the beautiful grounds, now endeared to countless hearts, been known and loved for more than a century.

In 1635, Simon Stone, an English gentleman, came to New England with his family and settled on the banks of the Charles River; and his broad lands, after having passed from father to son in unbroken line of descent, for over two hundred years, form now portions of the Cambridge Cemetery and of Mount Auburn. In the former a small tablet, marked Simon Stone, denotes the spot where still lives and bears fruit one of the ancient pear trees planted by the pilgrim's hand, and looked on with reverential interest by his descendants to the eleventh generation. Stone's Mount, on which the Tower in Mount Auburn stands, formed a part also of the many acres of Simon Stone and his descendants.

These beautiful grounds possessed every variety of charm that nature could bestow. The hills were covered with a great variety of trees, among which the oak, the chestnut, the pine and the walnut were prominent, forming a delightful shade and a winsome retreat from o'er burdening care. The ground was carpeted with wild flowers from the

earliest spring to the latest fall. The foliage was ever beautiful, from the first tender greens of the leaves dancing on their light stems against the pure and delicate blue of the overarching sky, to the gorgeous gold and crimson and purple of the royal robes of autumn. There were deep hollows, and shady dells, and long tree-clothed ridges, on either side of which were deep ponds, whose tranquil waters shimmered under the shadowing canopy of leaves, stretched over them by the long arms of the lofty trees. There were grassy slopes, and steep descents, and winding ways that lured the straying feet to explore the mystery that might lie beyond; and stretches of level greensward, and swampy lands where the most daring foot must be wary, and whoever would secure the sweet swamp honeysuckle, or the early cowslip, or the bright blue iris, must have a quick eye and springy limbs. Here the boys and girls that went a-maying gathered the hepaticas and houstonias, and danced round the May-pole; here the botanist found store of treasures for scientific lore; here the good housewife gathered her stock of fragrant roots and herbs for household use; and the children shouted with delight over the checkerberries, bunchberries, partridge berries and wild strawberries in their season.

Under the leafy coverts the quail hid her brood, and piped her warning cry—"More wet, more wet!" From the hollow stumps and fallen trunks the partridge drummed. In its den hid the red fox; lithe squirrels sprang from limb to limb, chattering and scolding at intruders; many birds sang and built among the branches; the spotted turtles crept down to the water-side; little green snakes glided through the undergrowth and nobody feared them, black snakes and adders fled from the step of man;

the hoot of the owl startled the belated lover of nature who lingered too long in the solitudes.

Here in the moonlight nights gathered youths and maidens, and listened to the soft tones of the flute and flageolet, and sang sweet songs, and sat under the scattered trees on an open knoll near the Stone mansion, hard by the river.

Far and wide was Sweet Auburn known, and dear to many hearts, being full of sweet memories.

From its highest hill, Stone's Mount, the prospect stretched wide and beautiful on every hand. A grand old oak stood on the summit; in the boughs of this a seat was constructed to which access was gained by a ladder of easy ascent. This was the favorite seat of the last owner of the ancestral acres. From this mount of vision could be descried by the aid of a spy-glass, Boston and its harbor and islands, Charlestown, the young towns beyond, Lynn and Salem far away and faintly lined, Watertown and West Cambridge (now Arlington) near by, Fresh Pond sparkling almost under his feet, the hills of Newton across the river, Brighton nearer still, the marshes, the winding river, classic Cambridge, historical Dorchester, and Roxbury—an unequalled panorama of town, village, hill, forest and many waters, orchards and gardens, meadows and fields of waving grain. No wonder the old oak furnished so great an attraction for its numerous visitors.

To the poet Sweet Auburn was a spot of romantic interest. It was the theme of many a lay, and dear to many a heart.

But the time came when it was to be yet dearer and more widely sacred, when as Mount Auburn it was to have a national reputation. Probably no place in the world was ever more naturally beau-

tiful and appropriate for the city of the dead, or more attuned to the sacred sorrow and upward-looking hope of the living who mourned their departed.

Thou who art weary of the world's wild strife,
Leave for a time the busy scenes of life.
Come to these shades; in meditation calm
For thy chafed spirit shall be found a balm.

Thought, in this lovely place, more holy grows,
Feeling's deep current here more tranquil flows,
A calm, a soothing influence o'er the heart
These scenes so fair, so beautiful impart.
Blest, O Mount Auburn, be thy leafy shades!
Blest be thy hills, thy streams, thy cool, green glades!

The solemn service of the dedication of the lovely grounds as the holy resting-place sacred to the dead was held in Mount Auburn, September 24, 1831.

Calm was the morning of that lovely day,
The autumnal sun in golden splendor lay
On the smooth turf, the broad enamelled plain,
The waving harvest field of ripened grain,
And shed its glory o'er the forest wide,
In rich and glowing colors deeply dyed.
Upon the earth the cloudless heavens smiled,
The soft southwest breathed perfume faint and mild.
Such kindly influence from above was shed
Upon that day which gave thee to the dead.

Where the green hills, rising abrupt and steep,
Guard that calm dell where peaceful waters sleep,
An earnest multitude assembled there,
Listened with reverence to the solemn prayer,
That, rising through the dim aisles of the wood,
Went from full hearts up to the living God.

There, in beautiful Consecration Dell, seated on the green hillsides, under the shadowing trees, in all their glory of brilliant autumnal foliage, that great congregation of thousands lent themselves

with reverent silence and profound delight to the enjoyment of the eloquent address of Judge Story, the accomplished scholar and eminent jurist, the man justly honored and beloved of all. There was a burst of solemn music by the band, and a thousand voices united in a grand melody as the hymn of praise ascended on high. It was a scene and a time never to be forgotten by those so fortunate as to be present.

Since that perfect autumnal day, an innumerable multitude have been laid in their last silent sleep to dreamless rest under the embowering trees.

Now all the winding ways, the secluded path, the hillsides, the hollows, the long ridges, the mount, are marked as the resting-places of the statemen, the warriors, the scholars, the philanthropists, the heroes, the sages, the poets, the scientists, the Christian teachers, the beloved and honored women, to whose memories all the world comes to do reverence in this city of the departed, this still and silent land. Yet not still, yet not silent; for all the sweet voices of nature, the song of birds, the dropping of waters, the wind's soft sighing that stirs the trembling leaves, the tremor that thrills along the grass, the faint rustle of the waving ferns, the hum of bees, the shrill call of insects, —are they not all meet for the requiem service of the silent sleepers?

IDLESSE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE F. ORNE.

OUT upon the swelling wave
  Sweeping onward toward the shore,
Lies and swings a tiny boat
  But with neither sail nor oar.
If I were in that little boat
I would not lie and rock and float
Up and down, from side to side,
Rolling with the rolling tide.

Far away the glimmering light
  Underneath the horizon line
  With its faint mysterious shine,
And its wavering, dark and bright,
  Luring from the quiet shore
Would draw me, draw me ever thither,
  Till I learned the mystery
Of the white-winged ships and whither
  O'er the wide, far-reaching sea,
  Their bold pinions bear them free;
Till those strange, rich lands I found,
  Whence the mariners brown and old
Bring the treasures of the East,
  Bring the spices, pearls and gold,
From the earth's remotest bound.

Up and down, from side to side,
Rolling with the rolling tide,
Lies and rocks the little boat
And I watch it rock and float,
  As I lie and idly dream
Of a world beyond the sea,
And a voyage that cannot be;
  Till half unto myself I seem
That I am but a freightless boat
On a tossing sea afloat,
Without a sail, without an oar,
To bear me from the fruitless shore.

THE RIVER CHARLES.

The River Charles.

By Mrs. EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN.

TO-DAY we have our first spring walk. It is a short one, hardly more than down to the river, but it is pleasant to note the deepening green of the grass, and still more pleasant to watch for a moment the gentle river itself, rippling here and there, but seeming unconscious of the broadening bay and the ocean not far distant. A single white-shirted, bare-armed rower glides past us in his slender boat, while the red-tipped oars drop vivid beads of color into the water. As we look down from the street above a wave of indignation and shame takes away the momentary delight. Why has our river been so neglected? Why is it not to-day what surely it must become in the future, a chief ornament of our city? To-day it is at its height and the waves glimmer and glance in the afternoon sunlight, as if trying to promise beauty and refreshing to an undeserving city, if only the chance be given.

Nothing is more eternal than a river. Wildernesses vanish, meadows and fields change their aspect or give way to city walls and brick pavements, but a river flows on, either indifferent to the changes upon its banks or ready to adapt itself to them with lovely hospitality. Our Cambridge river slipped and curved its way through these marshes in something the same fashion long before its shores knew the sound of the white man's axe, and when its Indian name, Quineboquin, meaning circular or crooked, was in common use among those who

alone knew its windings. It has known less peaceful days than these. Who can fancy the terrible scenes that may well have happened here, when its chief use was to mark the boundary line between two hostile tribes, each quick to resist encroachments on their territory?

It is not quite easy to imagine just how it fitted into its surroundings two hundred and eighty-one years ago, when it was first christened with its English name. The days of his dignified and unhappy Majesty, King Charles the First, seem sometimes far away, but it brings them a little nearer to remember that he was only a prince, "Baby Charles" as they used to call him, at the time when Captain John Smith gave his name to the just-discovered and disappointing river. No Hudson was this beguiling stream, which promised much in its wide welcome to the eager adventurers, but soon betrayed its secret of dependence on the ebb and flow of the tides, confessing its narrow banks and its country manners. Little did sturdy Captain Smith imagine that these same banks would one day give peace and protection to the judges of his unfortunate ruler. The regicides, Goffe and Whalley, came in the same ship that brought the news of the Restoration. They must have been dignified and self-respecting refugees, received courteously by the Governor, as they were, and visited by the principal persons of the town. The magistrates of Cambridge "entertained and feasted them with great solemnity" say the old records, and the river rippled on, unashamed of its name.

The name and nothing more was the bequest of Captain Smith to the stream. The first event of its witnessing that nearly concerns us was the "semi-military picnic," as Colonel Higginson aptly calls

it, two hundred and sixty-five years ago, when an exploring party came hither, seeking a place for a fortified town which should be the seat of government. Deputy-Governor Dudley was the ruling spirit in the choice of this place, and Johnson describes the plan in such quaint words as these: "At this time, those who were in place of civil government, having some additional pillars to underprop the building, began to think of a place of more safety in the eyes of man than the two frontier towns of Boston and Charlestown were, for the habitation of such as the Lord had prepared to govern this pilgrim people. Wherefore they rather made choice to enter further among the Indians than hazard the fury of malignant adversaries who in a rage might pursue them, and therefore chose a place situate on Charles River, between Charles Towne and Water Towne, where they erected a town called New Towne, now named Cambridge." Governor Winthrop and Dudley had a "sharp controversy" over this, and Winthrop seems to have had no notion of coming here to live; but we can have no quarrel with him on that score to-day, as we look across to the gilded dome and reflect that it is in its right place.

There was a ferry at the foot of Dunster Street which served the colonists for twenty years before the Great Bridge was built. From the ferry a road led through Brookline and Roxbury into Boston, and whoever wished to take another route must make his way through Charlestown and across a ferry at Copp's Hill. That bridge cost a deal of money, and various expedients were adopted to aid Cambridge in her bearing of what was justly considered a heavy burden for the poor little town. Brighton, Newton, Lexington and Middlesex

County itself helped to keep the bridge in repair, and even the General Court occasionally granted money on its account. It would take too long to review in detail all the important events that have happened here, such as the brilliant scene in 1716 when Colonel Shute, the newly made governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, was met at the bridge by Spencer Phips, Esq., with his "Troop of Horse, the Sheriff of Middlesex and other gentlement of the County," and conducted by them to Harvard College, where he was entertained with a long oration, all in Latin.

It was nearly sixty years after that gala day, that the planks of the Great Bridge were hastily torn up and piled along the Cambridge side in order to impede the march of Lord Percy's advancing reënforcements, on the nineteenth of April, 1775. Then what days and weeks followed. Many a time has Washington gazed on these tiny waves, or lifted his eyes to the misty hills, softly outlined against the sky, as he pondered over the fortunes of the venturesome colonies. Sweet Dorothy Dudley, whose journal we read so recently, has paused here to note the changing green of the marshes as she carried her lint and bandages to the improvised hospitals. We can fancy her forgetting the absorbing subject of the war for a minute and knitting her pretty brows in perplexity over the aberrations of President Dunster and thinking what a dreadful thing it is when the Evil One originates peculiar "views on baptism" to confound college professors. The afternoon is too short for us to pass in review the many who have felt their puzzles and bothers somewhat soothed by thy even flow, O River Charles!

No less dear are the recent associations with the river. What venturesome scribbler would dare

follow after the poets who have lavished their wealth of fancy and richness of words, most undying of all the materials mortals may build with, on descriptions of its charm? Lowell talks of people who must go over to the Alps to learn of the divine silence of the snow, or to Italy before they can recognize the daily miracle of the sunset; but he himself has done much to teach us better by such description as this, where he catches the shades of the marshes:

"The Charles slipped smoothly through green and purple salt meadows, darkened here and there as with a stranded cloud shadow. Over these marshes, level as water, but without its glare, and with softer and more soothing gradations of perspective, the eye is carried to a horizon of softly rounded hills."

More familiar still are the well known passages from "Under the Willows":

> "The sliding Charles,
> Blue towards the west, and bluer and more blue,
> Living and lustrous, as a woman's eyes
> Look once and look no more, with southward curve
> Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair
> Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold."

In how many of Longfellow's poems do we trace this love for the river, which flows ever on past the windows from which he used to exult in its ever-changing, never-wearying beauty! "The broad meadows and the steel-blue river remind me of the meadows of Unterseen and the river Aar; and beyond them rise magnificenet snow-white clouds, piled up like Alps. Thus the shades of George Washington and William Tell seem to walk together on these Elysian fields."

Dearer was the river to the poet for the name, which reminded him of "three friends, all true and

tried," and how tender is the later good-night to one of these, "a friend, who bore thy name," sleeping in sweet Auburn, around which the river still steals "with such silent pace."

Others have written too of our river, ours and the world's, but the cool wind blows more freshly, reminding us that this is still March. We look across to the Brighton meadows, look once more where "the Charles writes the last letter of his name," and then turn homeward.

MORNING IN VENICE.

BY MRS. JANE NEWELL MOORE.

THE Adriatic's chilly breath has ceased
  The dawn's resistless coming to delay,
  And turns, in honor of the conquering day,
To golden clouds of incense in the east.
But still about the City of the Sea
  Clings, like a maiden's veil, a tender mist;
  She looks again the radiant bride he kissed
In her first flush of youthful majesty.
The rosy marble of her palace seems
  A western sunrise, and the sun's own glow
  In the warm colors of the sails below,
While high upon her soaring tower gleams
  The shining angel which her saint has given
  To lead his city's thoughts from earth to heaven.

SIX O'CLOCK IN HARVARD SQUARE.

Six O'Clock in Harvard Square.

By ELEANOR PARKER FISKE.

THE whistles have all blown for six o'clock, and now the city timepieces begin to strike, commencing with a deep boom and running up to a high treble till the air is filled with the clashing of iron tongues.

The dark comes down early these fall days. All lingering traces of red and gold have died out of the evening sky, and the great, bare elm branches cast strange shadows, almost weird in their distinctness, on the brilliantly lighted pavements.

Bustle and confusion are everywhere; the incoming cars are loaded to the steps, and the turmoil increases as each empties its burden in front of the crowded station. Now and then a trolley slips from the wire, causing a chorus of sparks to fly out for a moment, and calling to mind the witch of the "broomstick train."

Little groups of students coming from the side streets hasten across the yard, bound for Memorial Hall, and in spite of the general din, fragments of their gay talk come clearly to the passersby.

A broad band of light streams from the baker's window, and the buyers of bread and rolls for the family supper keep the door constantly in motion in their hurry to be served and get away home again. A warm fragrance rises from the gratings, making the hungry newsboy on the corner sniff wistfully till recalled to his work by the cries of his com-

panions—"Herald, Globe, Journal, sir? All about the murder."

Through the windows of the neighboring candy store, one sees a tall young man wrapped to the ears in his fur-trimmed coat, buying a dainty box of choice chocolates, and carefully instructing the salesman to "put in lots of almonds, please, and those small ones with the cream filling—but no brandy drops."

Four youths in white sweaters, with their hair much tumbled, are standing in a doorway. One of the lads, in excited tones and with much gesticulating, is showing the others just how some fellow made "such a fine run round the end, not downed till he reached the five-yard line." A good-sized knot of people gathers to hear him, thus obstructing the path of the two old goodies, who have come down from their work in the rooms above, and are grumbling contemptuously about "thim byes gone daft over that neck-breaking football."

John the Orangeman and his donkey clatter by homeward bound. John waves his whip at the students in the doorway, and they shout a hearty good-night after his retreating cart.

The peanut man's stand has a delightfully mysterious look. The yawning red mouth of the black monster shoots and spits tiny spirals of blue flame out into the white, frosty air. The peanut-man, himself, is very good-natured, for the demand for his wares has been brisk all this cold November day.

Just now a strolling street band plays the "Tabasco March" in front of Sever, while a block away an asthmatic hand organ tries to keep pace, with "Daisy Bell." Two notes in this last piece are missing, and several more are injured, so the ear is

tortured by a most unhappy combination of sounds.

Belated grocers' wagons, laden with to-morrow's dinners, rattle by, charging the crowds around the cars, who skurry out of harm's way, protected by a burly policeman, whose colossal calmness in all the confusion is little short of miraculous.

A great black dog, bouncing along the sidewalk after his master, runs into a small child anxiously carrying a pitcher of oysters. The child, frightened, drops the pitcher, and sits down on the curbing to wail bitterly over the disaster, till comfort in the likeness of a pretty girl with a bag of books on her arm consoles the little Niobe.

Meanwhile, above all this noise and worry, arches the calm sky in which a thousand star points of light have sprung into being since the whistles first blew, and over the tall buildings peeps a tiny crescent moon.

It is time to shut the ledger and put it up, to slip into one's great coat, lock the office door, and catch a foothold on the next outward bound car, with thoughts of a warm supper and the hearth fire to compensate for the pushing crowd and the steadily rising, raw east wind.

THE FAIRY COURSERS.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

FLOATING afar upon the lake's calm bosom,
Whirled in blissful myriads, dart the dragon-flies;
Mingled in their mazes with bird and bee and blossom
They sink with the rainclouds or on the breezes rise.

Little blue phantom around my dory flitting
Or poised in peaceful silence on the loom of my oar,
Heaven has marked out for thee a labor that is fitting
Though eyes dim and human may miss thy secret lore!

Fairies that have fled from the grasp of earthly forces,
Shielded from the view of us mortals dimly-eyed,
These are their chariots, these their winged horses,
Safe on these coursers the vanished fairies ride.

A CHAPTER OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

A Chapter of Radcliffe College.

By ARTHUR GILMAN,
Regent of Radcliffe College.

ABOUT seventeen years ago there were vague reports abroad to the effect that Harvard College was about to admit women to its classes with men. These reports were, of course, based upon unwarranted rumor. For a long time there had been talk on the subject in the papers and in many private circles previous to the centennial year, but no plan had been formed, either on the part of Harvard College, or of anybody else, by which such an end might be attained. There were two very positive "parties" engaged in the talk. One wished for the admission of women at once, as a right, and the other looked with distaste or even with horror upon such a thing. It may be stated, indeed, as a fact, that it was at the time impossible for a woman to gain admission to one of the college classes.

I was not involved in this discussion, but it became a personal matter with me on account of the interest that my wife and I took in a certain young lady at the moment attending one of the schools for girls in Cambridge, who seemed to have reached the limit of the advantages that it offered. While we were considering the wants of this young woman we became more and more thoroughly convinced that it was desirable for her to get instruction from the professors of Harvard College, and we were no

less thoroughly convinced that she could not get this in the classes of the college, even if it were desirable for a single girl to enter classes comprising many young men. We saw that in whatever way she were taught, she could only get the advantage she needed by some joining of forces with other young women in the same stage of educational progress.

After considerable thought I conceived the plan of providing a course of instruction for women by the professors of Harvard College, but outside of the college and without responsibility to it. Such a course would not lead to a degree, but it would give the women who were fitted for it all the training that the degree certified to, and of which it is the seal. While I was sure that such a scheme was practicable, and that it might lead to great results, because I was confident that a large body of women longed for the grade of instruction that Harvard College gives, I was not certain that a proposition to begin the work would be favorably received by the professors. Some considerations made me feel that their favor might be obtained, but my fears, which were greater than my hopes, restrained me from making a public expression of my desires for a long time. While I was thus delaying, I discussed the subject with my wife as we walked through the streets of Cambridge and looked at this house and that which we thought might some day serve as the home for the institution that we had in mind. Many months passed, and I still found myself in the position of seeking the proper moment to approach some member of the faculty.

During the summer vacation of 1878, Mrs. Gilman urged with unusual persistency that I should make the move on our return to the city. When we reached home I concluded that the time had

arrived, for we heard rumors that a young lady had sought instruction from three different professors, and that she was enjoying in some degree the privileges that we desired for others. The young woman was Miss Abby Leach, who had come to Cambridge that autumn to be instructed by Professors Goodwin, Child and Greenough. Others had done the same thing before, and it is true that Miss Leach had not made any plan for such systematic courses as I had in mind, but her success in interesting three professors served to increase my hope that a systematic course would not only be received with favor, but would be successful. I therefore determined to bring the matter to the attention of the professors. Our nearest neighbor among those who occurred to us was Professor Greenough, and on the evening of the twenty-fifth of November I called at his house, intending to tell him that I had a plan to arrange for women a course of instruction exactly the same as that which Harvard College offered to men, and to ask the professors to give the necessary instruction. I had arranged a list of the professors who seemed to me desirable to interest, based upon the elective pamphlet of that year, and with many misgivings I pulled the door-bell at Professor Greenough's home on Appian Way. It was evident, as soon as the door opened, that the house was filled with company and that the opportunity was not a good one for the serious business that I had in mind. I confess to a sense of relief when I saw a postponement in prospect, and I merely asked Professor Greenough if he would not call at my house on Phillips Place the following evening, with Mrs. Greenough, because I had a very important subject that I wished to discuss.

The professor was true to his promise, and the

little library looking out towards the home of Librarian Sibley was the scene of an exceedingly agreeable call. The whole evening was spent in pleasant conversation. We very likely discussed our Cambridge neighbors, perhaps even the weather, but certainly there was not the smallest reference to the subject that had been so long agitating me. The callers seemed in no hurry to leave us, but at last, when Mr. Greenough had his hand upon the knob of the door, he said, "But you have not mentioned the 'important subject' that you proposed to discuss." Then, of course, the time for delay had passed and I was obliged to lay out the plan in full, and I did it. Mr. Greenough received it with his natural enthusiasm, and both he and Mrs. Greenough promised their heartiest coöperation. Theirs were no formal expressions. Mrs. Greenough was an active member of the governing body from the first until her death, and her husband has never ceased, not only to perform the duties of an instructor, but also to serve as a member of the Academic Board, of which for a time he was Chairman; and to sacrifice himself and his personal convenience to the interests of the students and the institution.

The beginning was favorable beyond our hopes. The next step was to find out whether the other professors would look at the matter in the same way that Professor Greenough did, and whether, if they should, the University would permit them to give this systematic instruction. Professor Greenough and I occupied ourselves for a while in confidential conference about the plan with various professors, and it was evident that their approval would be almost unanimous.. In order to find out the position of the Corporation of Harvard College, I wrote the following letter and sent it to President Eliot:

5 Phillips Place,
Cambridge, Dec. 23, 1878.

Dear Sir:—

I am engaged in perfecting a plan which shall afford to women opportunities for carrying their studies systematically forward further than it is possible for them now to do it in this country, except, possibly, at Smith College.

My plan obliges me to obtain the services of certain of the professors, and I address you before approaching them in order to assure myself that I am correct in supposing that their relations to the University are such as to permit of their giving instruction to those who are not connected with it.

I propose to bring here such women as are able to pass an examination not less rigid than that now established for the admission of young men and to offer them a course of instruction which shall be a counterpart of that pursued by the men.

It is probable that a very small number of women will be found at first, but it will grow.

I am aware that some of the professors now give instruction to private pupils and teach elsewhere. If my plan prove a success it will relieve them from such irregular labor and give them a regular addition to their incomes.

It is, however, needless that I enlarge, or trouble you at any greater length.

I desire only to be assured that if I make approaches to any of the Faculty I shall be asking them for services that they can render or not, without in any way interfering with their first obligations to the University.

I am very truly yours,
ARTHUR GILMAN.

President Eliot.

On the day before Christmas, in 1878, as I was seated in my library, I had a call from President Eliot, who came in person to answer my letter and to discuss the subject in some of its bearings. He assured me that there was no objection on the part of the College, that the professors were quite at liberty to accept an offer to teach in the way proposed, and that the only suggestion that came to him was that some provision would have to be made for taking care of the young women who would come to study in Cambridge. This, I assured him, had been considered, and that a body of ladies would be asked to act in the capacity of directors of the movement.

A few weeks were now spent in private conversation with the professors whom it was desired to interest, and in the formation of the governing board of ladies. This has always been a woman's movement, and at first the directors were all women, though I acted as their Secretary and attended to the correspondence and general management. The first ladies had already been chosen. They were Mrs. Greenough and Mrs. Gilman. Our choice fell next upon Miss Longfellow and Miss Horsford. Our first meeting with these occurred on the twenty-fourth of January, 1879, when with their help we chose Mrs. Josiah P. Cooke, wife of the distinguished Professor of Chemistry. The public announcement of the scheme was all the time under discussion, and by the opening of the month of February those who had already become members of the body met and discussed a circular which had been prepared in outline. At a meeting held on the fourth of February, it was voted to ask Mrs. Louis Agassiz to join the body. Two days later Mrs. Agassiz accepted the offer. On the eleventh of

February the number was for the time being completed by the election of Mrs. E. W. Gurney, wife of the Professor of History.

Many professors had expressed their adherence to the plan, but it was desirable to have formal acceptance of an offer to teach. I therefore, as Secretary, sent out a circular letter to a considerable number. In a few days I had received written responses from more than fifty who had thus been addressed, almost all of which were favorable. Some, indeed, offered to give instruction without charge, rather than permit the scheme to be abandoned. I mention this fact to show the spirit in which the professors of Harvard College received the plan. It is the same spirit in which they have continued to give their services. Formal bargains have not been made. The professors have accepted for their services the sums, small enough in many instances, which the institution has felt it possible to pay. This is the spirit in which the movement was received by the President and by the University. Notably is this true regarding the use of the Library, without which the effort would have been of little value. By agreement with President Eliot and the Librarian, Mr. Justin Winsor, we have always been permitted the use of the great collection of books, and at last, without any request on our part, the privileges of the Library were given to the officers and students by a formal vote of the Corporation—after they had been enjoyed under the original oral agreement for a number of years!

The first half-dozen who responded to the circular letter were, in their order, Professors William E. Byerly, Benjamin Peirce, Frederick H. Hedge, William W. Goodwin and William James. Professors Norton, Peabody, Hill, Palmer, Gurney, Shaler,

Briggs, Goodale, Emerton, White, Paine and others followed. When these acceptances had been received, it was thought safe to issue an announcement, and the first public intimation of the scheme was made in a circular headed "Private Collegiate Instruction for Women," issued on Washington's Birthday, 1879. It announced in rather vague terms that some of the professors of Harvard College had consented to give instruction to properly prepared women of a grade not below that which they gave to men, that certificates would be awarded to women who pursued the courses and passed the examinations satisfactorily, that the fees for tuition would not be over four hundred dollars and might be as low as two hundred and fifty, that seven ladies whose names were signed to the circular would assist the students with advice and other friendly offices and see that they secured suitable lodgings, and finally that applications might be made to the Secretary.

Just previous to the publication of this announcement there had been a general meeting of the seven ladies with the professors at my house, the venerable Dr. Hedge presiding, when the whole subject was discussed. It was evident that more discussion was necessary and the meeting adjourned for a week. Professor Shaler presided over the second meeting and stated that he was probably the only member of the faculty who had already taught women in his regular college classes. He explained that in making grants of money to the "Agassiz Museum" the legislature of Massachusetts had stipulated that students in theNormals Schools of the State should be permitted to take the courses of instruction there, and that some women had availed themselves of the opportunity. These two meetings showed that a

smaller body would be more advantageous than a large one, and on behalf of the ladies and after previous consultation, I nominated at the second gathering an advisory board which was to have authority in all matters pertaining to instruction. This body, consisting of Professors Goodwin, Gurney, J. M. Peirce, Greenough and Goodale, representing different departments of instruction, was unanimously elected, and from that time to the present this board, now called the Academic Board, has been the real representative faculty of the instruction. Its personnel has changed but little. Shortly after the beginning of the work Professor Byerly became a member and he has occupied the position of Chairman throughout almost all the years of the history of the movement, performing the arduous duties without remuneration. Upon him have devolved most of those duties that are performed by the president of a college, outside of those that are purely administrative.

We have been fortunate in the interest that the professors have taken in every part of the work from the first. Professor Goodwin acted for a year, during the absence of Professor Byerly, as Chairman of the Academic Board. Professor Greenough was also very efficient in the same position at the beginning, and it has been said that there was probably no other professor in the college at the time who could have made up the course of study that was prepared for the opening year. The labor involved in this is great every year, but for the first one it was far greater than it could be after the way had been marked out and the various instructors had to some extent become familiar with the situation. It is to the professors who have made the reputation of Harvard College that Radcliffe Col-

lege is indebted for whatever it has accomplished. It is one of the strong points of the plan that the college for women, having no faculty of its own, is able to obtain the advantages which come from the endowments and long traditions of the college for men. No endowment-fund could compensate for the loss of this. There can never be question of the character of scholarship of the professors at Radcliffe, because they are the professors of Harvard whom no enticements of high salary or great opportunity can tempt away. Women have them assured at Radcliffe.

Another advantage which the students of Radcliffe have enjoyed always is found in the fact that the seven ladies who interested themselves in the work when it began, have continued to use their influence for the students, and have done for them not only what was promised in the original circular, but a great deal more. They have been the friends of the young women, their counsellors and guides, have assisted them upon their social occasions of all sorts, and have surrounded them with an atmosphere of refinement and cultivation which could not have come to them through the agency of any salaried officials. Their gracious examples have favored the building up of the finest womanly character, and it is perhaps largely on this account that Radcliffe College develops an educated woman at home in the most advanced work of an intellectual kind, but devoid of all suspicion of mannishness. These ladies have exercised a warm hospitality to the students, opening their houses to them at various times with great freedom, have entertained them on the occasions of their commencements, and in many cases have made them familiar with a social atmosphere that they never lose the benefits of. How

great is this advantage no one can fully appreciate who has not seen the young woman coming from some remote locality blessed with few social opportunities and passing through four years, at an impressionable age, while she grows in intellectual vigor and in personal graces at once.

When Mrs. Louis Agassiz became a member of the governing body she entered upon the work with strong sympathy and deep desire to ensure its success, and her influence upon the college has been marked. The enterprise, it may be said, has had three stages. The seven ladies and their Secretary formed at first a body that was governed by no written laws, but was controlled by the living interest which each of them felt in the work. They had been brought together by but a single purpose. They were exponents of no "cause," and were known only as persons interested in the best instruction of women. No party was able to call one of them its own. This was their strength as they appealed to the community. Those who wished to have women at once admitted to the classes with men favored this movement, because they saw in it possibilities in that direction. Those who held the opposite view favored the new enterprise because it did not attempt to push women into the classes of men. The ladies themselves made no announcement on these points.

When it became necessary to establish the institution in a home of its own, to obtain real estate, and larger funds, a more formal organization was effected, and the voluntary association became a corporation under the general laws of Massachusetts with the name "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction for Women." This was in August, 1882, and several new members were added at the time

who greatly increased the strength of the body. These were Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor Goodwin, Professor Smith, at the time Dean of Harvard College, Professor Child, Professor Byerly, Professor James Mills Peirce, Miss Mason and Henry Lee Higginson, Esq., of Boston, and Joseph B. Warner, Esq., of Cambridge, who had previously acted as Treasurer. There have been five other additions to the corporation since 1882. Mrs. Henry Whitman was chosen in 1886, Miss Agnes Irwin in 1894, Professor John Chipman Gray, Miss Annie Leland Barber and Miss Mary Coes in 1895. The two members last mentioned were graduates and had been nominated by the alumnæ. Miss Coes had been assistant to the Secretary for a number of years. She is now Secretary. At the time of the incorporation, in 1882, Mrs. Agassiz was chosen President and she began to take a more active part in the work and life of the students. She gave up one afternoon in the week to a social meeting with them at Fay House, the building which was bought in 1885 as the permanent home, and she assisted them in their own social gatherings as the other ladies also did. This is, of course, but a small part of the work of Mrs. Agassiz in behalf of the students.

The third stage in the history of the movement dates from the incorporation of Radcliffe College by a special act of the Legislature of Massachussets which received the signature of the Governor on the twenty-third of March, 1894, having been passed a few days previous almost without a dissenting vote. Though there was no opposition on the part of the members of the legislature to the plan that made "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women" Radcliffe College, there was found to be not a little among some others who feared that the

arrangement with Harvard College might at some time be dissolved, and that it would not allow a development of the highest education of woman to the utmost. These fears were settled in two ways. Firstly, at a hearing before the committee on Education of the Legislature, President Eliot said in positive terms that though Harvard College had in the course of its long history begun many new lines of educational work, it had never been known to retreat from any such enterprise after it had been begun. Secondly, when the new list of courses of study was issued it was found that the scope of the work had been enlarged far beyond the promises that had been made before the passage of the act. The Legislature was most liberal in the permissions given in the act, for its provisions ensure to Radcliffe College the power and the authority to accomplish all that can be attained for the highest education of woman. It grants this power and these privileges to the younger institution in conjunction with Harvard University, thus allowing the new college to enter upon the heritage of the traditions and opportunities which it has been the good fortune of the elder institution to attain through its life of more than two and a half centuries.

At the time that Radcliffe College was brought into being by the Legislature of Massachusetts, an important step was taken by the creation of a new officer, that of Dean, and filling it by the election of Miss Agnes Irwin. Miss Irwin had been connected with the direction of educational movements in Philadelphia for many years and was especially interested in the education and training of girls, having been at the head of an important school which numbered among its students many of the women of Philadelphia prominent in social life. When Miss Irwin was chosen Dean of Radcliffe College several

hundred of these former pupils united to found The Agnes Irwin Scholarship, in recognition of her long devotion to the good of others and of the value that they placed upon her influence. A list of the contributors to the scholarship fund was sent to Miss Irwin elegantly engrossed on parchment and enclosed in a silver chest which was adorned with costly carving in high relief. Miss Irwin has now occupied her office one year. She has performed, in addition to her other duties, those kindly services that had in the previous years been a pleasure to Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Gilman and the other ladies of the corporation.*

The record that has thus been hastily sketched shows that Radcliffe College is a growth, that its progress has been natural and not forced, that it tends to bring to Cambridge the most advanced students among the women of the country, that it offers to them the services of a faculty which cannot be excelled for learning and teaching ability by any other similar body in the country. It has succeeded, to mention but one among many reasons, because it has not demanded too much, but has been content to make progress steadily, well knowing that such a growth is more firm and strong than any spasmodic development could be. It was Swift, was it not? who said that a blessing ought to be pronounced upon the man who should make two blades of grass grow where but one had grown. Certainly there should be a blessing for that scheme which makes two colleges grow and spread their ennobling influence where but a single Faculty exists.

* It is not without interest to me that I first met Miss Irwin, in Cambridge, after her election, in the room in which I had explained my plan to Professor and Mrs. Greenough, and afterwards to President Eliot. Miss Irwin was guest of Professor Thayer, who had bought the house that I formerly occupied.

LIFE AT RADCLIFFE.

Life at Radcliffe.

By MARTHA TRIMBLE BENNETT.

LIFE at Radcliffe does not lend itself easily to description. There are few picturesque details which can be seized upon,—no "float day" as at Wellesley, no ivy and tree planting, none of the gay dormitory life which is so distinctive a feature at most women's colleges. A large number of the students live at home, and those who come from a distance find boarding-places in private families where only a limited number of girls can be received. It seems probable, however, that a few years will see the establishment of small dormitories accommodating from twelve to twenty students, for as the college grows, the need of such dormitories is felt. At present, however, the girls are scattered over Cambridge in twos and threes, and life at Radcliffe is so largely a matter of the individual that it is difficult to hit upon any description which shall be at all representative. The girls who live in or near Cambridge, going home at night, and having their own circle of friends outside the college, can have but little idea of what life at Radcliffe means to the student who comes from a distance and who knows no one except the friends whom she may chance to make among her fellow-students.

Again, to girls from New England the atmosphere of thought and study which invests Radcliffe is too familiar to be worth comment, whereas to the Southern or Western girls it is one of the

most novel features of the life, and one of the most attractive even though it may be a bit discouraging at first.

"Everything is intellectual here," said a Western girl last year in anything but a cheerful tone; "even inanimate objects seem to possess intelligence. Yesterday the maid came in to fill my lamp, and as she filled it, the can whistled. All at once the whistle ceased, and the maid, without looking to see if the lamp were full, screwed down the top and prepared to go.

"Now I may not be philosophic but I am curious, so I said, 'Mary, what made the can whistle?'"

"What do you suppose she answered? 'Sure, miss, it's the intilligint oil can, it tells when the lamp's full.'"

It is this "intelligent-oil-can" atmosphere which the stranger at Radcliffe finds in her college life, and it is at once depressing and stimulating. She is expected to be alive, not only to her own work, but to the work of others, to have a respectable fund of general information, and to know something of what is going on in the world around her.

To be alive even to her own work is not at all times an easy task, for each student is expected to carry the regulation four full courses, and many of the students do more than this amount. Woe to the girl, though, who tries to take work beyond her strength, or who makes up her four full courses by taking seven or eight half courses. If she has not had careful preparation and is not very level-headed, her work will soon drive her into becoming what is popularly denominated a "Radcliffe grind."

It is a curious fact, by the way, that no girl is proud of being called a "grind." No matter how long and steadily she works, apply this term to her

and she will indignantly deny her claim to it and point out someone else to whom the name is more applicable. Out of three hundred students I knew but three or four acknowledged grinds, and even these did not think that all the characteristic features of the typical grind were represented in themselves. These few students who unblushingly accepted the name given them were not half bad at heart, and were human enough to dance, play tennis, attend concerts, operas and theatres, and to be present at almost every Radcliffe festivity during the year.

As may be guessed from this, a life at Radcliffe does not mean all work and no play for even the hardest workers. It is a significant fact that the first club in the College was the "Idler" which has for its object amusement pure and simple. Few persons except Radcliffe students realize the large part which this club plays in the social life of the college. Its "tea" in the opening week of the college year forms a pleasant welcome to the new students and a jolly reunion for the old. Then, upon alternate Fridays throughout the year it brings the students together for an hour's cordial informality, and there are few girls too busy to look in at the "Idler" meeting for a laugh and chat. Usually some entertainment is provided by the committee, —a concert, tableaux, or a play which occasionally may be said to be literally of the students, by the students, and for the students, for several original plays have been given by members of the club for the exclusive benefit of the students, no outsiders being admitted. Twice during the year, however, the club is at home to all its friends to the number of a thousand or more, and Fay House upon these occasions presents an appearance of gayety only equalled at the Senior Reception upon Class Day.

Membership in the "Idler" is unlimited, and any student may join. This is true also of the "Emmanuel Club," which has for its object the discussion of social and philanthropic problems. It is worth while to say that election to the presidency of either of these clubs is an honor of which any girl may be proud. The only other club which is open to all comers is the Tennis Club, and increased interest in this is likely to be felt this year as another excellent court has just been secured.

In all the other college clubs the membership is limited and election depends upon the applicant's proficiency in the special department which the club represents. The nature of these clubs is perhaps sufficiently indicated by the names,—as the English, French, German, Classical, Philosophical, Historical, Music, Glee and Banjo. All of these exist primarily for work, but a goodly social element is not lacking, and each club keeps open house at least once a year, when it has for its honored guest some man or woman well known in the world of scholars who speaks to the club on some interesting topic.

Beside all of these clubs, the social element is represented by the Graduate Club, one of the most hospitable of Radcliffe organizations, and also by the "teas" which Mrs. Agassiz gives to the students on Wednesday afternoons during the year. In addition the four classes and the special students have their separate organizations, in which pleasure and business seem to have about equal importance.

One of the most delightful features of life at Radcliffe is the opportunity afforded the students for meeting or hearing so many prominent men and women, and that this privilege is theirs is largely due to the courtesy of Harvard. Certainly it is

a privilege to be appreciated when it means hearing such widely different men as General Booth of the Salvation Army, Mr. Humphrey Ward, M. Du Chaillu the African explorer, and Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

Beside these occasional lectures, Radcliffe students have always the privilege of personal intercourse with the best and wisest of the Harvard professors. Surely the Radcliffe girl need not envy girls from other colleges. Other colleges may have broader grounds and wider halls, none has broader culture and wider opportunities for development. If ebullitions of "college spirit" seem somewhat lacking among the girls, there is, nevertheless, a deep and loving respect for the *alma mater*, and a constantly growing feeling that they will be better and wiser women for their four years' life at Radcliffe.

Student Life at Radcliffe.

By SARAH YERXA.

WHEN we pause, for a moment, as now, to consider life at Radcliffe, we cannot but ask ourselves how it differs from life at other colleges whose purpose is the same, to give young women opportunity to fit themselves for larger and richer spheres of usefulness than they otherwise could fill adequately.

To me, Radcliffe life seems to have had as its essential quality, freedom. This freedom is given in both work and play. The wealth of material presented in the Radcliffe catalogue is spread before her and the student may choose what she will. In recreation all that Cambridge and Boston offer is at her disposal, inasmuch as, after her choice of a home approved by college authorities, the absence of the dormitory system leaves the student free to plan her days as she pleases. Whether young women may be given such freedom, whether such freedom develops within them the qualities that are desirable, those who have watched the progress of Radcliffe students through four years of college life are best able to judge.

Since, at the present time, we have no dormitories at Radcliffe, the distinctively college life of the Radcliffe students centres around old Fay House, rich for many with associations of days long gone, and rich for an ever increasing band of students with memories of most serious and most joyous hours.

To men and women of Cambridge our old Fay House is well known. Many a time, bound, perhaps, on social pleasure, accepting the invitation of an "Annex maid" to an Idler tea, they have entered the wide doorway, walked through the broad hall to the drawing-room, where hangs the portrait of Mrs. Agassiz, our president, and where, I am glad to say, during the past winter, Radcliffe students have been able to find, many hours during the day, Miss Agnes Irwin, our dean.

From the drawing-room these guests have doubtless gone through our little conversation room with its magazines and papers, its well worn copies of *Life;* and from here, where groups of girls may usually be found discussing any topic under the sun, from the latest fashion to the automaton theory, our friends probably passed on to the auditorium. Yet who at an Idler tea can imagine the pleasures which have been in that auditorium. Before the guest appears a crowd of youths and maidens. Tables are spread, music sounds. But all this reveals not at all the scene of many a Friday afternoon when the Idler Club meets and the little stage of the auditorium, with its walls of soft green and pillars of cream white, becomes the stage for a play. And only with vivid imagination, brought into most active service, can our guests picture to themselves the auditorium when Professor Norton, Professor Goodwin, Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, Major Brewer of the Salvation Army, or Miss Helena Dudley, of Denison House, the Boston college settlement, have stood before the Radcliffe students and spoken on some subject which interested all.

Though Fay House at an Idler tea has proved a pleasant place to many, did I wish to made Fay House dear to a friend, I should lead her blindfold

over the wide stairways to the library above, late on some sunny afternoon. I should draw one of the great chairs close to a certain window that looks out towards the common. The hour chosen should be that when the sun's rays have just left the tree-tops, when the light and the haze gradually die away, while the chimes from Christ Church should come to us in tones closely bound in thought to words dear to many human hearts,—

> "Softly now the light of day
> Fades upon our sight away;
> Free from care, from sorrow free,
> Lord, we would commune with thee."

Were my friend, however, a student who cared for activity, rather than the hour I have planned for the lover of restful quiet, I might wish to show her, at once, the contrasts of Radcliffe life, contrasts such as those of a certain February day of '93. On that day we had listened attentively to one of a course of lectures which treated the various remedies suggested for the present social difficulties. Our special topic for the day was anarchism and Bakunin. A few minutes later we sat in the drawing-room,—for it was a Wednesday afternoon —tea and cakes before us, discussing a topic suggested by our instructor who had quite refused to consider a learned subject introduced by one of ourselves. And the topic we were discussing was, —whether or no crinolines would be worn the coming season!

At Radcliffe, though many are sceptical in regard to our social life, even now, we are able to do everything together save eating and sleeping. Save eating, I have said! But I must not forget the glories of luncheon conversations carried on in the overcrowded little lunch room. And some day many of us hope to have small dormitories.

Always Fay House is filled with groups of busy talkers. Before and after lectures students are gathered through the halls awaiting the coming lecturers. Companies of good companions sit under the trees, while tennis and the gymnasium are not deserted. At half past four, when lectures are over, special bands, united in some common interest, come together. The French Club, the German Club, the English Club, the History Club, the Glee Club, the Music Club, the Classical Club, the Graduate Club, have their meetings.

Had my readers been with me on some Tuesday afternoon last winter they might have found the English Club, whose members care especially for the study of English and have been able to do successful work, gathered in the drawing-room for a pleasant hour. They might have heard one of the members reading a paper on Du Maurier. One spring day they might have found Dean Briggs reading to an eager company from the works of John Donne. Best of all, had they had the good fortune, on a day now gone, to be the guests of the English Club, they might have seen Oliver Wendell Holmes reading "Dorothy Q."

On Wednesdays our president or our dean, and ofttimes some of the associates of Radcliffe, are "at home," and groups of students are made most welcome with friendly greeting and homelike fire.

On every other Friday comes the Idler, a club which all students are most cordially invited to join. The Idler, as its well-known name announces, is purely social in its purpose, yet to the Idler, I am sure, Radcliffe owes a certain characteristic of unity which the large rival societies of some of the colleges make impossible.

Once a month the Emmanuel Society holds its

meetings. This club eagerly seeks all students and endeavors to present speakers on subjects, varied to be sure, including an address from Professor Royce on "Paracelsus," and an address on college settlements, but aiming always at the more serious side of life.

The last club to be especially mentioned, but not the least in the hearts of its faithful members, is the Philosophy Club. The Philosophy Club, varying from the custom of other clubs, meets at the homes of its members and friends, and spends much time in discussing all things knowable and unknowable. Usually discussion is begun by one member addressing the club. We have had, however, the good fortune of addresses from Professor Royce, Dr. Santayana and Mr. Parker. Open meetings, too, the Philosophy Club has held at Fay House. One season Professor Ladd spoke to us and Miss Thompson has given the club and its friends a paper on Fichte. That the Philosophy Club may have a long and prosperous life, that the members may soon solve the problem of the universe, is the wish of all who know its real helpfulness as well as its charm.

Besides all these discussions, the out-doors of Cambridge lies, an open book before the students, longing perhaps for fresh air and the presence of a congenial companion. At half past four comes a time for wanderings as well as for clubs. In Cambridge, even, there are beautiful places for wanderings; and on a sunny afternoon the student passes out into a realm of broader land and sky, just as, when the four years are over, she goes forth into a larger world and finds—

> "A life to live,—And such a life! A world
> To learn, one's lifetime in, and such a world!"

Fay House.

The Home of Radcliffe College.

By ADA RUTH KINSMAN.

WITHIN the shadow of the historic Shepard church and the Washington Elm on Garden street, stands Fay House, the home of Radcliffe College. Although the original dwelling has several times been enlarged, its rounding, antique front has been preserved and it forms one of the noticeable features of the present stately and dignified building.

The entrance, approached by a broad driveway, is on the south side, and a glance back from the portico shows us the tennis courts and the smaller buildings of the college which contain the chemical and physical laboratories and a gymnasium. The door opens into a passage leading to the main hall, and just within, on the right, we notice a picture of the late Professor Josiah P. Cooke, a gift from Mrs. Cooke who, with her husband, has always been deeply interested in the growth and progress of Radcliffe.

The offices are found at either side of the main entrance, and the regent and secretary are accommodated in rooms well adapted to their uses, with their fire-proof safes, and commodious shelves for the keeping of the many valuable records of the college. The good light and ventilation so marked in these rooms are noticeable throughout the building.

Entering the main hall we open the last door on the right and find ourselves in the Dean's room,

face to face with a fine portrait of the honored president of the college, Mrs. Louis Agassiz. This room was once the parlor and as such it will always be remembered by the older students, for here they gathered about the open fire, chatting merrily, at Mrs. Agassiz's social afternoon teas.

Crossing the hall we enter the conversation room, once used for recitations. Here on the tables are the latest magazines, the daily papers, and, as a matter of course, all the publications of our brother university, Harvard. Back of this room is another leading to the auditorium which is used for the entertainments of the different clubs, and until the present year, for Commencement. The stage is the amazement and envy of the former graduates when they remember the makeshifts they used in days past—but those were happy days. In the rear is the housekeeper's suite, but this we will not invade; sufficient to say that it is commodious and comfortable and that much of it is freely opened to the girls whenever needed.

The broad stairway in the main hall divides at the first landing into two parts and here, facing one another, hang the portraits of Charles First of England and his wife. The second floor is wholly given up to recitation rooms which, with their cherry desks, comfortable chairs, and picture-hung walls are pleasant working rooms for the students. The one at the front on the left contains a treasure, the picture of Dr. Samuel Gilman and the original manuscript of "Fair Harvard," which was composed and written in this room for the two hundredth anniversary of Harvard College.

Another broad staircase leads to the third story, and here we find more recitation rooms. At the head of the stairs hangs a lifelike portrait of Prof.

WASHINGTON ELM

Louis Agassiz which was made for the Columbian Fair. At the left is the botanical laboratory, a bright and cheery room containing collections interesting even to the uninitiated.

Let us draw aside the portière and pass between these stately Corinthian columns. Here we are in the midst of Radcliffe's pride and glory—the library. The light coming not only from windows at the side but from above as well, the softly-tinted walls, the well-filled shelves and the girls always to be found about the tables or in the comfortable window seats, give the crowning touch to this unique college building. Adjoining rooms contain reserved books and the librarian's office. A busy woman is the librarian, caring for the nearly eight thousand volumes already here and adding almost daily new and valuable books to the catalogue. By the way, have you noticed this steep and narrow staircase? It leads to a platform on the roof where the girls who are inclined toward astronomy may make their observations.

As we pass out we realize that we have seen nothing of the real life of Radcliffe, but if environment counts for anything the student here must be uplifted daily and refined by her surroundings. Radcliffe is fast outgrowing its present home. When the new one appears may it be as cheery and homelike as this, so dear to the hearts of its many students, past and present.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Remembering A. L. H.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

A SPLENDID structure! Let therein be set
Some tribute to its dead librarian:
A marble honor, from which she shall look,
Who — Fate and Duty having strangely met —
Fell from Time's shelf, a shattered human book,
To find her immortality begun.

THE LINE OF LIGHT.

BY MISS ALMIRA L. HAYWARD.

(Taken from her Journal.)

WE smoothly sailed o'er a steel-blue sea
One silent summer night,
And saw on the far horizon's bound
A silver line of light.

Behind the clouds the moon had hid
But there was shining still;
Said one, "Behold a lesson taught
For him to read who will."

When clouds of grief or doubt have shut
The face of God from sight,
Remember He is constant still —
Look for His line of light.

—Mid-Atlantic, Friday night, June 22, 1888.

TOWN AND GOWN.

Town and Gown.

By EDMUND A. WHITMAN.

READERS of "Tom Brown at Oxford" or of "Verdant Green" will find this title a familiar one. To them it will recall encounters between students and townsmen ending, not infrequently, with broken heads. A party of students, after some merrymaking perhaps, commits an unprovoked assault on some passing townsman; he at once raises a cry of "Town! Town!" and a rescuing party joins in the fray only to meet a larger body of students summoned by the cry of "Gown!" The fight grows hotter until the approach of the town watch or of college proctors causes the contending parties to slip away, to continue battle on some more favorable occasion. These contests probably owed their origin to the attempts, in earlier times, of the college authorities to extend a civil control over the townspeople of Oxford and to impose taxes upon them.

In our own Cambridge, however, the college has always been deferential to the town authorities. As early as 1659 the corporation of Harvard College authorized the town watch to exercise their powers in the college yard, "any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding." Throughout the history of the college, there seems to have been a cordial understanding between the authorities of the college and of the town. The students, too, have preserved friendly relations with the townspeople, except possibly in some momentary annoyance of a worthy citizen on finding his front

gate in the next yard, or his neighbor's wash carefully hung upon his clothes-line. The term "Town and Gown" brings to mind here none of the animated scenes of the streets of Oxford.

Yet although Paige's History of Cambridge and Quincy's History of the college contain no accounts of students with broken heads in personal encounter with townspeople with battered faces, there are evidences therein of more peaceful encounters. Young men of many generations have treasured warm recollections of the graceful hospitality of Cambridge hosts. The young student may be at the time a little critical. John Quincy Adams writes in his diary while a student,—"I went to take tea at Mr. Pearson's. I got seated between Miss E. and Miss H. but could not enjoy the pleasures of conversation because the music was introduced. Music is a great enemy to sociability and however agreeable it may be, sometimes there are occasions when I should wish it might be dispensed with." Doubtless, the Cambridge girl of to-day will recognize the conceit of the student of the present time in another passage from the same diary: "The young ladies at Mr. Wigglesworth's dined at Judge Dana's. I went down there with Bridge to tea, and passed the time very sociably. The conversation turned upon divers topics, and among the rest upon love, which is almost always the case when there are ladies present."

This was in 1786, but earlier the overseers of the college had recognized the hospitality of the townspeople by forbidding the students in 1760, "from dining or supping in any house in town, except on an invitation to dine or sup *gratis*." It may be that Cambridge tables were too sumptuously provided, for three years before this the overseers had

voted "that it would very much contribute to the health (of students), facilitate their studies and prevent extravagance if the scholars were restrained from dieting in private families"; and to compensate them for this deprivation, they also voted that "there should be pudding three times a week" at the college commons.

On the other hand, however, the College officially recognized a return of courtesies by the students, as in 1759 the overseers declared that "it shall be no offence if any scholar *at commencement* make, and entertain guests at his chamber with punch," although it may be doubted if "the young ladies at Mr. Wigglesworth's" accepted such an invitation. The overseers evidently did not look upon punch with such disfavor as their successors in the present board, as two years later, they again voted that "it should be no offence if the scholars in a sober manner entertain one another and strangers with punch, which as it is now usually made is no intoxicating liquor."

Commencement day in the olden time was an occasion which Town and Gown celebrated together. The day was a holiday throughout the province when the shops of Boston were generally closed and their proprietors repaired to the Cambridge common which was completely taken possession of by drinking stands, dancing booths, mountebank shows and gambling tables.

The religious interests of Town and Gown were intimately associated in the last century. The college paid a portion of the cost of the erection of the new meeting house of the First Parish in 1756, and in return was given the use of the front gallery for the students. They were regarded as part of the congregation and were expected to contribute to

the support of the clergyman. This expectation was not, however, realized and the corporation finally voted "that the box should not be offered on the Lord's day to the scholar's gallery" but that instead the students should be taxed "in each of their quarterly bills, ninepence lawful money." Cambridge ministers no longer reckon on these "ninepences" for their support, although they find many attentive listeners among the students, and the work of the Prospect Union and of the Social Union shows the interest of the students in the moral and educational welfare of the "Town."

The relations of "Gown" to "Town" have not been confined to the students. The professors have been citizens of Cambridge as well as professors in the college and many of them have taken leading parts in civic affairs. The second mayor of the city was Sidney Willard, professor of "Hebrew and other Oriental Languages" in the Divinity School, and the author of a Hebrew grammar. His studious habits secured him the nickname among his students of *Vav* from a letter of the Hebrew alphabet. Yet this quiet scholar was three times mayor of Cambridge, for two years a member of the Governor's council, and represented his city in the two branches of the legislature for seven years.

Another professor of Hebrew, John G. Palfrey, was elected a member of Congress and was postmaster of the city of Boston for six years.

Other professors who have not served the city in an official capacity have been warmly interested in the affairs of the community. It was mainly due to Professor Story that Cambridge secured the right to enclose the common, in spite of the strenuous opposition of neighboring towns claiming a prescriptive right to drive across it herds of cattle

destined for Brighton. Judge Story was a model citizen of Cambridge and took an active part in all important municipal affairs. Says Dr. Peabody of him, "There was no public meeting for a needed charity or educational interest, in behalf of art or letters, or for the advancement of a conservatively liberal theology in which his advocacy was not an essential part of the programme."

The poor of Cambridge remember Samuel Sanders who removed from Salem to Cambridge to become the steward of the college and on his death left a large part of his property to Cambridge charities.

Professor Charles Beck enlisted in the civil war but was at once discharged by the medical officers as unfit for service on account of his age, but Cambridge still honors his zeal and contributions in behalf of the wounded in the hospitals.

These few instances must suffice, but anyone acquainted with the civic history of Cambridge will recall many cases of the helpfulness of "Gown" and "Town."

The confining character of academic duties, and a community of tastes and interests, has tended to make the professors a society unto themselves, but the formation of the Colonial Club has done much to restore the ancient social relations of Town and Gown, and a winter's evening finds professor and townsman in the bowling alley together on the easy social footing given by shirt sleeves and sport. It is to be hoped that in spite of the fact that the college has become a university and the town has grown into a city, the early simple relations of mutual helpfulness will be carefully maintained by both sides; and that the relations of Town and Gown may form a new chapter in the history of "the Cambridge idea."

CHOICE.

BY MRS. EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN.

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

NOR low nor high! My heart learned once that prayer,
That humble prayer, that asks the steady glow
Of moderation only; seeks to know
The strength of slow successes; fears to share
Ambitions sweet, tempting to heights more fair.
A simple life, attuned nor high nor low,
May gain a heaven, escape from bitter woe,
Nor need to greatly suffer, greatly dare.

Take back Thy gift of peace! I claim the smart
And ache of passion for a vision high!
Make me Thine instrument, and justify
This longing once Thy message to impart!
Awake one song to stir a hero's heart,
Then let the tense strings break, the music die!

CAMBRIDGE AS A NO-LICENSE CITY.

Cambridge as a No-License City.

By FRANK FOXCROFT.

THAT a city of more than eighty thousand inhabitants should for ten years in succession vote against the licensing of saloons implies the existence of conditions sufficiently novel and interesting to repay study. No caprice, either of enthusiasm or of indignation, can account for such action. It is to be explained only by a deliberate purpose, grounded in sound reason at the beginning, and sustained and justified by results. Cambridge voted in favor of license for five years after the local-option law became operative; the possibilities of that system were fully tested, and the first majority against license, at the election in December, 1886, expressed the protest of public sentiment against saloon arrogance, lawlessness and corruption. Those days are now, happily, so far in the past that few, perhaps, outside of the number of those who were directly concerned in city administration, recall vividly how exacting were the demands of the saloon interests, and to what an extent their evil influence was felt in city politics and government. A striking illustration of this influence was given in the act of the Board of Aldermen of 1886 in granting a license to the Dewire saloon on Kirkland Street, in spite of the remonstrances of the residents in that vicinity, and in accordance with the declaration of the Chairman of the Committee on Licenses, that moral interests were entitled to no consideration in such matters. At about the same time, two saloon mur-

ders, one of them the act of a saloon-keeper, directed public attention to the moral fruits of the liquor traffic, as the Dewire incident had done to its political influence. These occurrences were prominent factors in the election of 1886, in which a majority of 530 in favor of license the preceding year was changed into a majority of 566 against it.

The history of the no-license movement in Cambridge usually is traced no further than the appointment of the Citizen's No-license Committee in 1886, and the coöperating work of the ministers and churches. But there were two earlier organizations which contributed to the result. One of these was the Home Protection League, which conducted the no-license campaigns in the first five years, and in the first election of the series came within six votes of carrying the city against the saloons. The other was the Law and Order League, composed of about two hundred conservative citizens, and organized in 1883 for the purpose of assisting in the enforcement of the liquor laws. The League adopted the policy of beginning at the top, and it spread dismay among the saloon-keepers when, at its first swoop, it corralled and convicted six of the most conspicuous and influential of their number who, prior to that time, had secured immunity by a social or political "pull." The work of the League was attended by the difficulties incident to such undertakings, but it was continued three years, until changed conditions made reorganization desirable, and its influence on the public mind was educational.

The Citizens' No-license Committee was appointed in 1886 at a public meeting of citizens opposed to the granting of licenses in Cambridge. It was composed of twenty-five members, five from each ward, and has been recommissioned for the work of conducting the campaigns in each succeed-

ing year. It began at once the publication of a campaign paper, called the *Frozen Truth,* which was sent by mail to all names on the voting list. It undertook a house-to-house canvass of the city; distributed circulars and appeals; held public meetings; and provided checkers, distributors and carriages for the polls. The committee of ministers, representing all of the Protestant and several of the Catholic churches, has coöperated with the Citizens' Committee in each campaign, by organizing union meetings and in other ways. The energy and effectiveness with which this work has been done deserve all praise. Meanwhile the Citizens' No-license Committee has attended to what may be called, in a broad sense, the political phases of the work, and has prosecuted its campaigns with a close attention to registration, canvassing and rallying of voters which has commanded the admiration of experienced campaigners. It has been generously supported by public subscriptions, which have been prudently expended and rigorously accounted for.

The principles tacitly adopted by the Committee and steadily adhered to may be briefly indicated. The question at issue has been limited to that of saloons for Cambridge. General theories of legislation have not been discussed. No inquisition has been made as to individual beliefs or habits. The platform has been kept broad enough to hold any man who, for any reason, does not want the licensed saloon in Cambridge. There has been no denunciation of men holding a different view, but a patient and, in many instances, a successful attempt to convince them by demonstrated results. The appeal has been made every year to moderate men, at first as an experiment, then in the interest of fair play, and later to sustain a system whose benefits had become obvious to most fair-minded men. The Com-

mittee never has recognized any social, political or religious differences. It has included in its membership Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists and Independents, but never has found time to discuss politics. Catholics and all denominations of Protestants have worked together in its membership with mutual respect and goodwill. It has never taken sides with any municipal party or candidates. It has had but one thing in view, the use of every honorable means to bring out the largest possible no-license vote.

As to results: The 122 saloons which used to exist in Cambridge with the sanction of the law have been closed. Most of them have been occupied for other business purposes or have been remodelled as dwellings. There are, of course, some places where liquor is illegally sold, but they are not numerous, and there is no trace anywhere of an open liquor traffic. The enforcement of the law is almost uniformly thorough, honest and impartial, and it is sustained by a strong public sentiment. After the first no-license victory, a Citizens' Law Enforcement Association was formed, for the purpose, not of conducting prosecutions, but of assisting the authorities and of keeping the public informed. Its membership was not limited to no-license men, but included voters who had voted for license, but whose respect for the dignity of law was stronger than their individual opinions on the license question. It was useful for a time, but its activities have not been needed of recent years.

That Cambridge has prospered under no-license cannot be disputed. The rate of increase in valuation has been nearly double that of the preceding license years, and the growth of population also has been nearly twice as rapid as under license. During five license years, 193 new houses, on the aver-

age, were built each year. In 1894, in spite of the hard times, there were 494 new houses built. In 1894, also, the deposits in Cambridge savings banks were larger, by more than $600,000, than in the last year of license. The Chief of Police and each of the three police captains have given public testimony to the improved condition of the streets and the falling-off in drunken violence which have resulted from closing the saloons; and physicians, large employers of labor, school teachers and Protestant and Catholic clergymen have testified to improvement in the condition of the people. As to the effect of no-license upon local business, 266 business men in all departments of trade signed a public statement in December, 1894, declaring their conviction that no-license had promoted the material interests of the city and expressing the hope that the policy would be continued.

Following is a record of the vote each year. It will be seen that the no-license majority since 1886 has ranged between 486 and 1503, but never has been large enough to justify a relaxation of effort:

	Yes.	No.	Yes Majority.	No Majority.
1881	2614	2608	6	. .
1882	2772	2379	393	. .
1883	3116	2522	594	. .
1884	3659	2522	1137	. .
1885	2764	2234	530	. .
1886	2344	2910	. .	566
1887	3727	4293	. .	566
1888	3819	4483	. .	664
1889	3300	3793	. .	493
1890	3611	4180	. .	569
1891	3565	4051	. .	486
1892	4763	5606	. .	843
1893	4539	5329	. .	790
1894	4500	5099	. .	599
1895	4160	5663	. .	1503

THE CHARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE.

The Charities of Cambridge.

By ELIZABETH H. HOUGHTON.

THE term "charities," or philanthropies if the Greek form is chosen as a trifle more sonorous, has been so loosely used and so often abused by the present and passing generations—like that other noble and long-suffering word, temperance—that it needs to be strictly defined by the writer who would use it specifically without appearing offensively patronizing to certain classes of the community and effusively sentimental to others. The derivation of the phrase *Charities of Cambridge* ought to show to every one that by it is meant those organizations and activities in our midst whose motive power is *love* rather than greed of gain; that this meaning is obscured, overlaid in fact, by a certain stigma which attaches to the technical use of the word, is not the fault of the dignified Latin trisyllable or of the idea back of it, but is caused by the difficulty of apprehending and applying its simple beauty on the part of donors and recipients alike.

Under this heading I am to consider the institutions, not systematically connected with the various churches or with the university, which form a part of the life of Cambridge and are carried on wholly or in part by funds contributed without hope of return other than the consciousness of promoting the common good.

The simplest method of arrangement, for once

perhaps, is to begin at the climax, to tell of the synthesis, the culmination of all charitable effort as we know it to-day, and afterwards to mention the organic parts, the helpful accessories, historically precedent though many of them are to the comprehensive scheme which now embraces them and shows them the way to a fuller, more scientific efficiency.

The Associated Charities came into existence in Cambridge in the spring of 1881 (incorporated January, 1883), two years after its establishment in Boston, four years after Buffalo introduced the system into America, and twelve years after the idea of a Charity Organization society was put in practice in London. Its aim, the annihilation of pauperism by studious mastery of its causes, its motto, "Not alms but a friend"—neither of these needs elaboration or elucidation in this sketch. If any reader of this book and citizen of Cambridge is ignorant of the working and ideals, the difficulties and successes of this organization, full information is not far to seek, and it is a simple duty rather than a privilege of citizenship to acquire it. If anyone is dissatisfied with the results of its efforts let him look to it that he does his part towards making them better. This is not a scheme to lighten the responsibility of any individual for his needy neighbor, but to direct it, and to make it as far as possible helpful instead of mischievous in its effect by means of conference, the exchange of experience and advice.

Since the time when the study of medicine replaced the seeking for charms and incantations, no reform has promised such amelioration of the physical condition of the human race as that which is substituting for the old heedless, harmful alms-

giving the brave, accurate, sympathetic study of the most alarming distressing characteristics of our civilization.

To object to the methods of the Associated Charities as involving too much red tape and the exposure of sacred details is as childish as it would be to object to a physician who informs himself about his patient's symptoms and writes a prescription instead of impulsively administering a dose of medicine at haphazard. To hold aloof on the assumption that the old-time patronage and dole-giving has only taken another form is to underestimate the calibre of the mental and moral force which is everywhere at work on this idea.

There are, at this writing, four centres for conference, known by the districts in which they meet respectively as the Old Cambridge, the North Cambridge, the Cambridgeport and the East Cambridge conference. The central office is in the Central Square Building in Cambridgeport. At one or another of these points it is the duty of every individual, as well as of every organization, religious or secular, which aims to relieve suffering caused by poverty, to give and seek information about every applicant for aid. When this is heartily and thoroughly done the work of the Association will be relieved of its most irksome impediment to success, and the money which is now worse than wasted in ill-considered attempts to alleviate poverty will go far towards supporting schools for higher education in this important branch of learning.

Two kinds of sufferers appeal preëminently and eternally to our sympathies—the sick, and the children deprived of natural protectors. Cambridge has made good provision for meeting both the needs here suggested.

The Cambridge Hospital, with which the name of Miss Emily E. Parsons, its first instigator, must always be honorably associated, was opened for patients in April, 1886. It is unusually comfortable and cheerful in aspect even for a hospital. The sun seems to shed its most genial glow over it in winter, and the breeze which sweeps through it in summer always strikes one as fresher than that obtainable in any other spot in the city. How much of this is due to the effect of that spirit of mutual forbearance and cheerful resignation, which reigns supreme here as in hospital wards everywhere, and how much to the wisdom of the original plan and the efficiency of the management, need not be determined. That a city of the size of Cambridge could wait so long before equipping itself with the means of caring for its sick poor may be a matter of surprise to those who have not reflected that in this, and other respects, we are inevitably suburban, however independent of Boston we are in civic matters.

The Holy Ghost Hospital opened the doors of a small frame house—its temporary home—only in January of 1895, to admit incurable patients of all kinds from all accessible points, though no doubt the preference always will be given to Cambridge sufferers. Though the fund hitherto secured has come through a Roman Catholic parish in Cambridge it is hoped that the future support as well as the usefulness of the hospital will be unsectarian and perfectly general.

The Middlesex Dispensary was established in July, 1892, under a staff of physicians who give each three hours a week to the work. Over fourteen thousand patients have had the benefit of free consultation and medicine at cost during the three years of its existence.

A District Nurse was secured from the Boston Instructive District Nursing Association two years ago, and now visits, under the superintendence of two of its directors, the homes of those sick people who for any reason cannot go to the hospital for the professional care they need.

The Avon Place Home became a corporation in 1874, thanks chiefly to the liberality of Mr. James Huntington who was the first efficient friend, if by no means the only one, whom the homeless children of Cambridge have had. This institution has been known as the Avon Home since it took possession, in December, 1891, of the commodious house which was built for it on Mt. Auburn street and which now offers as wholesome a substitute for a paternal home as any child could have who has been deprived by sickness, death or crime of the genuine kind. The home was founded for "children found destitute within the limits of Cambridge," and has always shown a generous spirit in its efforts to meet the demands put upon it by the absence from its constitution and by-laws of closely drawn restrictions of class, age, race or sex. About forty children are sheltered here. They attend the public schools and church services and in other ways get training—somewhat exceptional in "Homes"—which is calculated to make independent, self-respecting citizens of them.

The Home of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is located in Cambridge, though the city, as the name of the society indicates, is in no way responsible for its support. The inmates are children who come into the custody of the society through the courts of the state and are supposed to be only temporarily lodged there as a matter of convenience pending permanent settlement of their careers.

The Kindergartens and Day Nurseries, on Holyoke and Moore streets, on the other hand, while supported by individual benevolence from Boston, are a valuable, almost indispensable, help to Cambridge children and their overworked mothers. We owe as much to the intelligence as to the purse of Mrs. Quincy Shaw in this charity.

Next to the children the old people, those who have passed the time for self-support and have no relatives to care for them, need a helping hand.

The Cambridge Homes for Aged People is a corporation founded in November, 1887, for the purpose of providing for "respectable, aged and indigent men and women." The only part of this scheme in operation as yet is a Home for Aged Women, made possible by the legacy of the late Caroline A. Wood and other gifts, which shelters at present eleven inmates. It was opened in November, 1891. A Home for Aged Men and a Home for Aged Couples will be added to the work of the corporation as soon as adequate funds are provided by public-spirited Cantabrigians.

The Baptist Home for Old People and the Rescue Home—the latter a branch of the Boston Citizens' Rescue League, not especially intended to help Cambridge—deserve such description as their titles may give, though it is beyond the scope of this article to treat of them more fully.

There are a number of societies for giving temporary material relief, of which it would be difficult and unnecessary to give a complete list here. Such are the Male Humane and the Female Humane Societies, the Howard Benevolent, the North Cambridge Charitable Association, the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, and the benefit associations connected with business houses or with corporations of various kinds.

Most of these coöperate with the Associated Charities and resemble one another in plan and scope, having been called into being at different times to meet the needs of certain districts or certain classes of dwellers in our city. The Female Humane Society differs from the others in giving relief ostensibly in payment for work done. Women who can sew are allowed to carry to their homes basted garments which, when they are completed, are disposed of at a sale which is conducted once a year by the society.

The Cambridgeport Union Flower Mission is not connected with any church, as are so many similar missions. It brings relief of a very real and beautiful kind to many homes in which the graces of life are almost as important, and as hard to get, as the necessities.

Another class of Cambridge institutions must be mentioned here because there is no other division of this book under which they could more naturally be treated; but they are not "charities" in the sense in which the above-named undertakings are charities, for the recipients of their benefits are by no means "objects of charity," but are simply, in most cases, ambitious, energetic young people for whom it is a pleasure to provide advantages which they could not afford to pay for at the market rates. The only reason for designating them as charities is that it would be impossible to carry them on efficiently without large gifts of money and time from people who look for no return in kind.

First in this class of beneficences I may mention —for convenience simply, without any intention of grading the value of the work done in associations, clubs or unions—the branches of the Christian Association for Young Men and for Young

Women, which have their rooms in Central Square, Cambridgeport. This work has certain well-known characteristics in every city of the world in which it is established, so that it is superfluous to dwell on it here. The branch for young men was started in the year 1883, that for young women in July, 1891.

The East End Christian Union and the Triangle Club, founded respectively in 1889 and in 1890, are working on similar educational and social lines in the same general section of the town—the lower Port. The Union is open to both sexes and aims to create a religious as well as a moral influence —it is in fact a development from a mission Sunday school. Its building is three years old.

The Triangle Club was originally intended as a means of utilizing the energies of young people of the First Parish Church, but has lately been reorganized on an entirely unsectarian and less localized basis.

The Prospect Union, also in Cambridgeport, is strictly educational in its efforts and is frequented by men who have less leisure for self-cultivation than they have will and ability to secure it. To this institution belongs the honor of establishing, in 1891, the University Extension idea in our midst. bringing the enlightenment which centres at Harvard within reach of the factory and shop "hands," who have only their evenings to devote to classes, by the systematic using of student-teachers as conductors. The same system has been working equally well in connection with the Social Union in Brattle Square for two years past. In some cases one enthusiastic young instructor holds classes in both sections of the town; more often duplicate courses are held under different Har-

vard students; for it is not difficult in these days of altruistic zeal to secure the services of whatever men are needed for such work, as is abundantly proved by the very name of the Harvard Volunteer Committee, organized a year ago to systematize and distribute to the best advantage the beneficent activity of the college.

If Old Cambridge seems less amply provided than Cambridgeport, judging from the number of sites occupied with institutions of the class we are now considering, it is because the one just mentioned, the Cambridge Social Union, occupies a larger field than the others and occupied it earlier. From the year 1871, when it was founded through the efforts of Mr. William M. Vaughan, its free reading-room, its library and its weekly entertainment as well as its classes, have offered ample and rational resource to all in this district of the town whose evenings are not apt to be spent at home or in houses of friends. Ever since in December, 1889, it moved into the building which it at present occupies, the famous old Brattle House, the Girls' Club—a branch of the national association of working Girls' Clubs, then a year old in Cambridge—has been a tenant under its roof.

The Cambridge Boys' Club, also for years hardly more than a privileged tenant, now an organic part of the Social Union, deserves mention here because of its age which is venerable for such an organization. When it was started a quarter of a century ago by Miss Anne Abbott, as an offshoot from the Social Union, clubs of that sort were far less common than they are to-day and ought to be for many a day to come.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has established branches in Cambridge, North Cam-

bridge, East Cambridge and Cambridgeport. This organization, as is well known, works for the purification of society by the annihilation of the liquor traffic and the suppression of vice. Its methods are mainly educational, pursued through the dissemination of temperance literature and scientific instruction regarding the effects of alcohol and the use of tobacco and other narcotics. It carries on many lines of work, among them that in the Loyal Temperance Legion, temperance instruction in Sunday schools and in mother's meetings. Religious meetings are regularly held with the prisoners of the Middlesex county jail where helpful literature is distributed.

The Cambridge Branch of the Massachusetts Indian Association was established in 1886, and a good deal of the philanthropic energy of our community has been expended upon it ever since. Interest in this organization being coextensive. with the city limits, its fairs draw workers from every parish or district, and its entertainments and meetings for arousing public sentiment have received alike general support. The money secured in such ways and by membership fees is used by vote of the executive committee—under such limitations, of course, as the state committee may impose—for the benefit of those schools, missions and settlements among the Indians which in its judgment best repay fostering care.

This society is not without its claim to be considered a Cambridge charity in the stricter sense of having Cambridge beneficiaries. It is known that at least one full-blooded young Indian was assisted to come to Cambridge and to obtain a chance to ply the trade which he had learned at school, in one of our printing establishments. He maintained

himself here for several years, aided by the friendly counsels of some of the ladies connected with the association. He is now, however, pursuing his career elsewhere having probably found some opening which he thought preferable to his position here.

This paper does not claim to present a complete list of Cambridge philanthropies. It is a self-evident fact that it treats none of them exhaustively. Moreover, the best of the work done in the name and under the potent spell of charity must forever escape the recorder's pen—unless he be the recording angel—just as the most endearing qualities in our friends always defy analysis. It is enough if the fact has been thus emphasized that in the life history of Cambridge the heart has its part as well as the brain and the brawn and the spirit; and that it is a part, judged by the standards of common humanity as displayed in cities everywhere, of which we have no cause to be ashamed.

But there is the danger in this, as in other fields of activity, that we shall lose sight of our ideals, shall forget that we are far enough still from their attainment.

It is because so many "priests and Levites" still pass by on the other side that the good Samaritan of the present day is overwhelmed by the magnitude of his task in caring for the many who have fallen among thieves; and must make use of all sorts of time-and-labor-saving mechanical devices if he is to keep up with it at all. These are seldom beautiful judged by ideal standards and ought not to satisfy us.

I am inclined to wish for this book a more permanent life than that of any relief-giving machinery, however well it may fit the present need, herein

mentioned. For the day must come when every man's abundance of money, intelligence or leisure shall be wisely and simply at the service of his neighbor who has need of these things, and he shall enrich himself in turn out of that neighbor's store, even if it consist only of patience under adversity and that poverty of spirit which is so often a compensation for poverty in worldly possessions and is suggestive of wealth in the kingdom of heaven. In that day there will be no need of dealing with want in the aggregate. Help will be given so quietly, so unconsciously, that the giver may well ask, in literal surprise that he has accomplished anything—"Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee?"

THE THING MOST NEEDED IN CAMBRIDGE.

The Thing Most Needed in Cambridge.

By Mrs. SUSAN A. GILMAN.

WE need the Metropolitan Park System completed. Then Cambridge will have one of the most superb driveways in America, bordering the Charles, with the handsome fronts of stately residences facing the water.

We need a fine fountain on the common.

We need--alas! that it should be so!—an Art Museum that will be a joy to the eyes. As has been suggested, it should stretch its beautiful colonnades and graceful arches of stone and brick—harmonizing with old "Massachusetts" in line and color—along the great green terrace, between the President's house and Gore Hall. With its stately beauty, what an impressive approach to the University, as we came up Massachusetts avenue!

We need a large, commodious hall for lectures and concerts.

We need a small, but perfectly kept, hotel.

Many other things for use and for beauty we need; but most of all, we need in our city of rapidly increasing population, good homes for our working-people—model tenements.

In a few years the park system will render "The Marsh" too valuable for its present occupants. Its shabby, dirty tenements, with slimy pools surrounding them after a rain, must then be swept away to

make room for fine houses along the river—a river no longer defiled by sewage as now, but pure and clear to its very depths! What, with this change in Mt. Auburn street, will then become of its poor tenants? There will be a pressing, a crying need of good tenement houses. Even now it is a most difficult thing for a working-man to house his family in decent quarters within his means, and not too far from his work. When model tenements are built, let them be placed as near as possible to other tenement-house districts, since the fact that the laboring classes have chosen them shows their adaptability to their wants.

It is a safe thing to do financially, to lease an old tenement house. Shovel out the accumulated dirt and rubbish, cut windows in dark bedrooms, let light upon dark stairways, scrape the layers of dingy papers from the walls. Then whitewash, scour, paint, repair, have windows that will open and doors that will shut. Put good sinks with good faucets, and other conveniences into each entry. Have the cellar clean and wholesome, ventilated and whitewashed, with coal bins and proper receptacles for ashes and garbage. Put railings and posts for clothes lines on the roof, and pulleys, for the tenants of the first floor only, on the fences and walls of the yard. Since it is hard to carry coal and other necessaries of life up more than three flights of stairs, it is not best to have your model tenement more than four stories high.

Have strict rules as to decency, cleanliness and prompt payment of rent—always in advance—and enforce them. Let your tenants know that they will be protected from vice and drunkenness; that no amount of money can keep a vile person within your walls; that this house is one where a sober

working man may strive to bring up his children in purity and wholesome living, and his landlord will coöperate with him.

If one manages the thing rightly, on business principles, the experiment will succeed. But one must not forget that a model tenement is not a charitable institution, but rather an educational one, for the very class which most needs to learn the duties and obligations of life, and the inevitable consequences if these are shirked. The house will fill with tenants, and it will pay five or six per cent net, or more, if one is his own rent collector. One has beside, the joy of knowing that one little spot on God's earth is through this instrumentality kept sweet and pure against "that day," when He will bring every work into judgment.

These things mentioned are indispensable to the model tenement, but there is something beyond, that may be added, if one would give "good measure pressed down and running over," and hope to "receive the same again into your bosom."

In a tenement-block of five houses, such as I have described, at the South End in Boston, there were formerly five little backyards filled with sheds and ash and garbage barrels, and divided by high fences, shutting out light and air. It is obvious why fences are high, in one of the worst districts in Boston. The yards were surrounded by the unsightly backs of the old tenements adjoining, and their still more dilapidated fences, reaching to the second story. Even a kitten would not have played in one of these dreary, sunless pens!

Last spring the generous, philanthropic owner of the block removed all the dividing fences and the sheds, made places for ashes and garbage in the well-ventilated cellars, and threw the whole space

into a large, central court. At each end there is a beautiful flower-bed, and there are grass borders round the sides, and vines, which by and by will cover the fences and walls with their waving green. The centre is bricked and so is the broad walk which runs around the court. It is kept in perfect order, not an unsightly thing allowed, nor even a dirty scrap of paper on the walks. *Hardly a flower has been ruthlessly broken, or a vine injured this whole season.* The tenants feel that it is *their* garden, and take such pride in it that any one attempting to molest it would receive sharp rebukes—not to say even worse things—especially from the mothers. Even on the hottest days it is cool and shady here in the afternoon, and the women of the block, in clean aprons, come down with their babies to sit about on the settees; some bring their sewing from their stifling rooms; while the children, who last summer had only the narrow doorsteps or the dirty sidewalks for playgrounds, run and play games on the broad walk. After supper the men come to smoke their pipes, and to watch the watering of the flowers with the hose, cooling the air like a fountain.

People talk of the ingratitude of the poor! I can only say that in this block everything done for the comfort and health of the tenants has been appreciated, while the joy and satisfaction they have expressed in the garden has been a constant surprise and pleasure to its projectors.

On Decoration Day, the owner celebrated the completion of the garden by giving a party there to all her tenants. There were eighty people, representing seven nationalities. There was a pretty table of refreshments beside one of the flower beds, and two Italians with harp and violin played the gayest music. Never did people have a better time.

There was dancing and singing; with fathers and mothers, grandmothers and toddlers, and lonely single women, all enjoying themselves together, while the hostess was everywhere with a smile and outstretched hand, the animating spirit of the whole.

The behavior was perfect, and one secretly blushed to think how rudeness had been feared and a policeman suggested, even, to keep order!

But "that is another story."

I would only say in conclusion that in doing something like this—so greatly needed in Cambridge—you will have a work which will interest you more and more—an investment not wholly of the earth, earthy, while you live. And when at last you are called to a "house not made with hands," the blessings and prayers that will hover around you from homes you have uplifted, and children you have saved from crime and misery, will be like wings of angels beneath your fainting, sinking spirit.

THE SISTERHOOD OF WOMEN.

The nineteenth century is woman's century. — VICTOR HUGO.

ESTELLE M. H. MERRILL (*Jean Kincaid*).

The century plant, through many a silent hour,
Within itself holds the potential power,
The possibility of its rare, perfect flower.

So as this "woman's century" its closing nears,
From slow and silent growth of by-gone years
The sisterhood of women, perfect flower, appears.

"My sister!" cries the rich unto the poor to-day;
And sinless Mary unto Magdalena may
"My sister still thou art," in yearning accents say.

After the flower comes fruitage; and what test
Can measure the good wrought, when love's behest
Compels the gift of each to other of her best!

THE CANTABRIGIA CLUB.

The Cantabrigia Club.

By GRACE S. RICE, Secretary.

THE Cantabrigia Club entered the domain of clubs in March, 1892, its natal hour being auspiciously struck at the home of Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill, in the presence of a group of interested women who for the previous winter had been members of classes in current events under the leadership of their hostess.

Its origin was altruistic and its reason for being was a quickened impulse of charity and love for suffering. In discussing the evils of the sweating-system which was then being considered in a bill before Congress, and commenting on the sad social conditions revealed by official investigations, Mrs. Merrill spoke feelingly of the good a live woman's club might do in helping to create and hold a righteous public opinion that would wipe out these ills. The instant response was, "Let us have such a club," and it was done.

The kindly thought, generous sympathy and a desire to "lend a hand" were therefore the motives that sent the club forth among many kindred organizations, and made for its career not only a promising augury, but a noble birthright as well. It made, indeed, a responsibility, too; for the club which is brought together by an inspiration, has a standard to live up to that others may not claim, and to which it may not be recreant save at its own loss.

The object of the Cantabrigia Club as set forth in the constitution, is threefold "social, literary and humanitarian. In its work it shall endeavor, not only among its members, but in the community, to promote good-fellowship and the highest form of social life; to encourage mental and moral development, and to aid by its organized effort such worthy causes as may secure its sympathy."

Three years have passed since the "christening-party," with its delightful ceremonies and free masonry of good wishes started the infant club on its way. On this occasion, which was one long to be remembered, friends from far and near were present, with gifts of sympathetic words and kindly wishes for the future of the new organization. Wise women stood as its godmothers and offered counsel and congratulation, and, as it had no prejudice in the matter of sex, fairy godfathers were present as well, so that like the princess in the olden tale, its christening was full of happiest omens for the future..

Its work during the three years has been along various lines, each of its eight departments being presided over by a chairman and two assistants, who provide the programs for the open meetings as well as plan for class work or lectures.

In literature, classes in Dante were continued through two seasons, and the Divine Comedy was completed. Current literature classes, too, were made very profitable, and books about which everyone was talking, were reviewed by different members. The history, art and literature of France were the topics for the last season's work in this department, with the happiest results.

In art, the Italian Renaissance, that blossoming time in the garden of art, has been the theme for

enthusiastic research for two seasons past, and the leader of this department, herself an artist and fresh from study abroad, directed by text and photographs the study of famous masters and their works. From these photographs it was interesting to trace the change and progress of church doctrine, to become acquainted with local life in different cities, and to read the prevailing estimate of men and things as seen through the eye and brush of the artist. But more than all, the aim of the leader was to point out that which goes to make up the true pictures of the world, both past and present, where shines from the canvas and the frescoed wall, the spark of genius and the light of beauty, whether of thought or interpretation.

In the department of science, lectures by teachers of botany were successfully given, the climax of which was one by the artist-botanist William Hamilton Gibson, whose eloquent lecture and artistic charts illustrating his topic, delighted his audience. A series of lectures on psychology was listened to with great interest. These were attended by many of the teachers of Cambridge schools. The importance of this subject to-day, to those who have the training of youth in charge, is recognized as never before, and prepares for more fitting service those engaged in this high calling, whether as mother or teacher.

The section of music has from the outset achieved marked results, a large choral class being organized at once and later on, a quartette, both of which have sung often before the club, and on public occasions. Classes for practice rehearse weekly, during the club year. The open meetings have provided entertainments of high order and contributed pleasure to large audiences outside club limits.

The department of civics has studied the city charter and city ordinances, and furnished classes in the study of parliamentary law with instruction by Mrs. Harriette R. Shattuck. The aim of the leader has been to interest women in the science of government and good citizenship, and to raise the standard of public opinion for the coming generation. The benefit of parliamentary law is to make better club women of its members and fit them for greater participation in discussion and the giving of counsel.

In the home department the club achieved a well-earned and wide renown by its notable domestic science exhibit, given in the second year. The week which was taken up by this educative exhibit was fully occupied in interesting talks by experts on household topics, and the display of high-class food products, improved methods of work and the latest appliances in domestic utensils. The interest which was created by this exhibition and the influences set in motion by it will be widening for profit continually.

The Current Events section of the Club has been one of the most popular. Led the first two seasons by the club's beloved president, Mrs. Merrill, the success and interest developed were noteworthy. The inspiration imparted by such a leader, thoroughly conversant with current topics, anxious to make of her class intelligent and thoughtful readers, and animated by a never-failing enthusiasm in the work, cannot be estimated, and as a result the model class was very nearly attained. A class for mutual study conducted this department with good results, during the third season, and profited greatly by the zeal and interest developed among themselves.

The Philanthropy section was the helping hand for several noble causes. The Cantabrigia Free Bed in the Cambridge Hospital, gifts to the Avon Home, the Relief Fund for Unemployed Women, and the East End Mission were among the benefactions of the club. Individual members also arranged pleasant outings for the children and mothers connected with the college settlement in Boston, and many another similar work has had its origin in the Cantabrigia Club.

In the three years the membership of the club has steadily increased, and at the close of its third year it numbers more than six hundred. Its activities have not only concerned themselves with class work and open meetings, but have provided also delightful social occasions at which friends have been invited to share its hospitalities. "Over the teacups," or the lemonade glasses, its members become acquainted, and the outer circumference of the social circle comes to know its sisters near the centre, while the latter realize how helpful for both is the interchange of varied ideas and experiences.

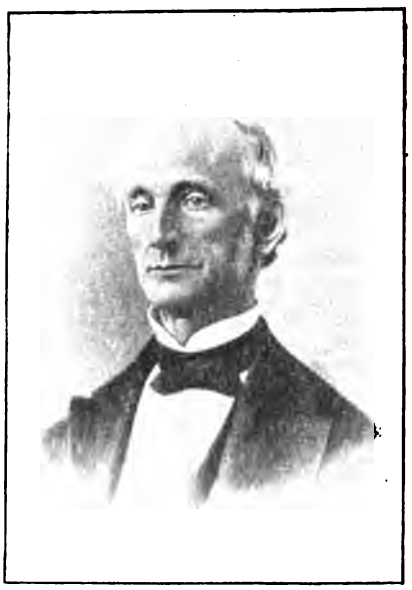
Though the large and increasing membership of the club has its disadvantages, making it difficult to have that sociability possible among smaller numbers, it is hoped that this may be remedied soon by better clubhouse accommodations, and that a freer intermingling of those who only need to know in order to esteem one another may make of even large numbers a compact social unit. Certainly no other means has ever succeeded in bringing closely together so many of our Cambridge women and in breaking down the imaginary and yet very real barriers of locality and convention which had before separated them. Already its influence is felt in the community, and it is safe to predict that for the

future the Cantabrigia Club is a force to be reckoned with in our city.

Its members should recall often the consecration which was laid upon them in the words of Dr. Peabody at the christening ceremonies in which he said, "To christen is to make Christian; but in all the plans outlined of what the club proposes to do it seems to me that it has enrolled itself already as preëminently Christian."

May the Cantabrigia never prove recreant to the benediction words of the loved pastor, whose voice was so soon after to be hushed in death.

HISTORICAL SKETCH



JOSEPH A. HOLMES.

THE business house known to three generations as that of J. A. Holmes & Co., was established by Edmund T. Hastings in the year 1810. In the year 1834, Mr. Joseph A. Holmes became a partner and the firm took the now familiar name. A few facts and dates will show how fully the business, and the gentlemen conducting it, have been identified with the history and the growth of the city of Cambridge.

Edmund Trowbridge Hastings was born in the year 1789. He was a descendant in a direct line from John Hastings, who came in 1654 to Cambridge, where his family resided for six generations. His father was a Major in the Revolutionary army, while his mother was a sister of Chief Justice Francis Dana. The Hastings homestead was the one on Holmes Place, known to this generation as the birthplace of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The opening of the "Great Bridge" to Boston in 1793, and the Act of Congress in 1805 making Cambridge a "Port of Entry" brought into existence a business settlement along the "Great Road," and promised abundant rewards for energetic and enterprising men. Stores were built and a thriving business was done, not only with residents, but with farmers and traders bringing produce from other states. In one of these stores in the "Port" we find young Hastings as a clerk in 1808. Two years later, having become "of age," he started in business for himself, and, in 1815, in company with Mr. Winthrop Ward, purchased a lot of land in the "Northeast corner of the Locust Field," at "the junction of the Great Road and the Brighton Road," and erected a building for the sale of "West India" goods and country produce. This building still stands on the original site, but has been remodelled and is now occupied by the Cambridge Y. M. C. A.

In the year 1830, Joseph A. Holmes, a boy of seventeen, came to "work in the store," and in 1834 entered the firm as partner. The business now took the style of J. A. Holmes & Co., as Mr. Hastings had by this time other business in Boston. Mr. Holmes was a Cambridge boy, born in a house still standing on Appian Way. His father, a carpenter by trade, came from Plymouth in 1798, while his mother, a descendant of Abraham Watson who lived in Cambridge as far back as 1650, was born in the old homestead on "Menotomy Road," near the present Arlington line.

In 1837 Mr. Hastings retired from the business and Mr. W. W. Munroe became a partner, and continued till 1842, when Mr. Holmes purchased the "Old Green Store" across the Square (erected in 1799) with the land about it, and started business once more, without a partner, but retaining the old firm name. In 1850 his brother, Isaac C. Holmes, who had been brought up in the store, became a partner, and so continued till he retired in 1875. His oldest son, Mr. Joseph Hastings Holmes, for many years an active and faithful clerk, now became a partner and so continued till his sudden and deeply lamented death in 1879.

Mr. Holmes, the father, continued the business alone till his decease in 1893 at the age of 81, active and energetic to the last. This is not the place for an eulogy nor for the recital of the many places of public and private trust held by him from the time that he became a member of the first city government of Cambridge. He was revered by all. After he had passed the age of threescore and ten, he replaced the old store with the present fine brick block of five stores, keeping for himself the largest and principal one.

So much for the past. The present owner, Francis M. Holmes, the second son of Mr. Joseph A. Holmes, was born in Cambridge on Main Street in 1840, within a stone's throw of the store building, and has never lived outside of the present limits of Ward Four. He has great regard for the traditions of the past, but also believes in the Cambridge of the present and in the Cambridge of the future. The course of the business will be shaped as in the past to exemplify the true "Cambridge Idea" of conservative progress. The old stand in Central Square is retained, and also the now time-honored firm name of J. A. Holmes & Co.

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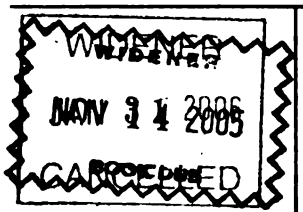

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